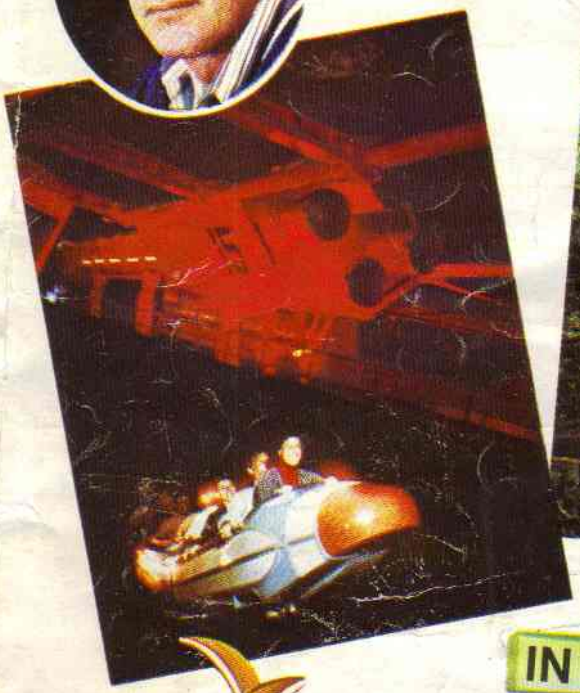
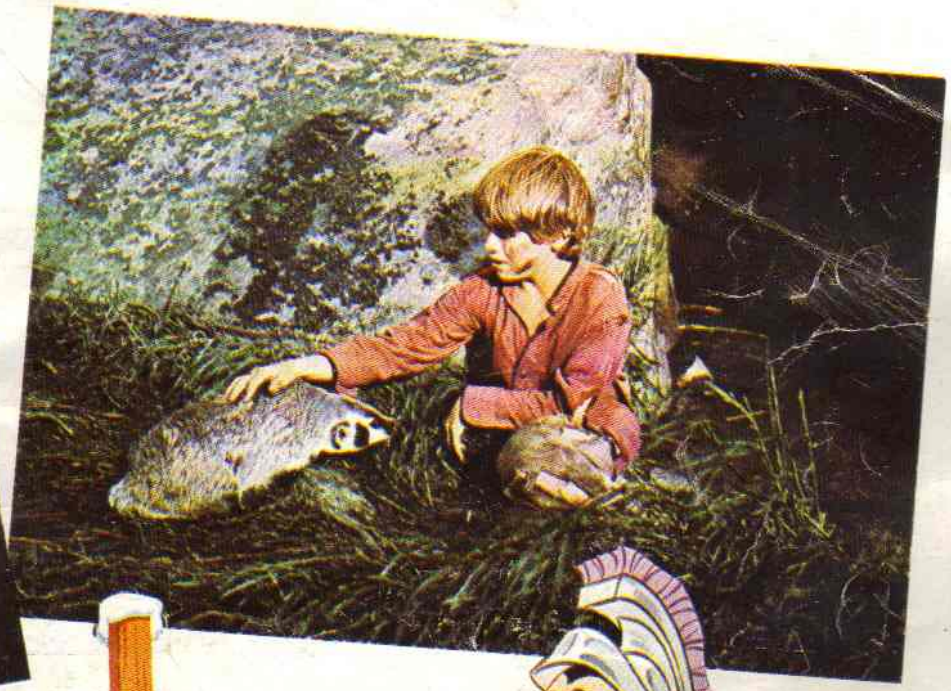
JANUARY ISSUE

Disney MAGAZINE







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THE BOY WHO TALKED TO BADGERS

CLARAPATRA

SPACE MOUNTAIN

FLIGHT OF THE GREY WOLF

Story by ROCK HUDSON







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Hello Again! Putting together an issue of DISNEY MAGAZINE is a lot of fun for us here at the Disney Studio. We learn from the nature stories, right along with you, we laugh at the zany Goofy Sports and Simply Said, we test ourselves on the puzzles and games, and enjoy the tales and stories.

We hope DISNEY MAGAZINE is as much fun for you as it is for us. And don't forget to turn to pages 48 and 49 to find out what's scheduled for next month's issue.

The Editors

THE BOY WHO TALKED TO BADGERS Ben MacDonald was a young boy with a lot of friends—the only trouble was that almost all of them were animals. Take the badger he'd made friends with—he was to prove a particularly important friend to Ben when...but that would be giving the story away. Turn the page and read it for yourself.





CLARAPATRA Return to the days of ancient Rome! See the triumphal procession of Caesar and Clarapatra, hear the cheers of the throng, experience the glamour, the...oh, no! Goofyus has knocked a brick off the roof, and it's fallen on...find out for yourself on page 18.



ROCK HUDSON He's a star of motion pictures and television, but an incident from his childhood still haunts him—page 16.

THE FLIGHT OF THE GREY WOLF When a wolf has been raised as a pet, he's no longer wild. Or is he? Turn to page 40.



PETER PAN AND THE TICK TOCK TREASURE Zounds! That varlet Captain Hook has stolen Princess Tiger Lily's jewels and hidden them. Will Peter be in time to get them back for the princess? Quick! Turn to page 8!



DISNEY MAGAZINE

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WHAT DOES IT TAKE TO BE A MOUSEKETEER? Talent, hard work, determination? All of these. But the 12 youngsters chosen to wear the ears on "The New Mickey Mouse Club Show" have an extra something. What is it? Turn to page 30.



SPACE MOUNTAIN Come fly with Goofy as he visits Space Mountain, one of Walt Disney World's unique attractions. Take a peek at the future, when man will journey through space as easily as he now drives to work—page 32.

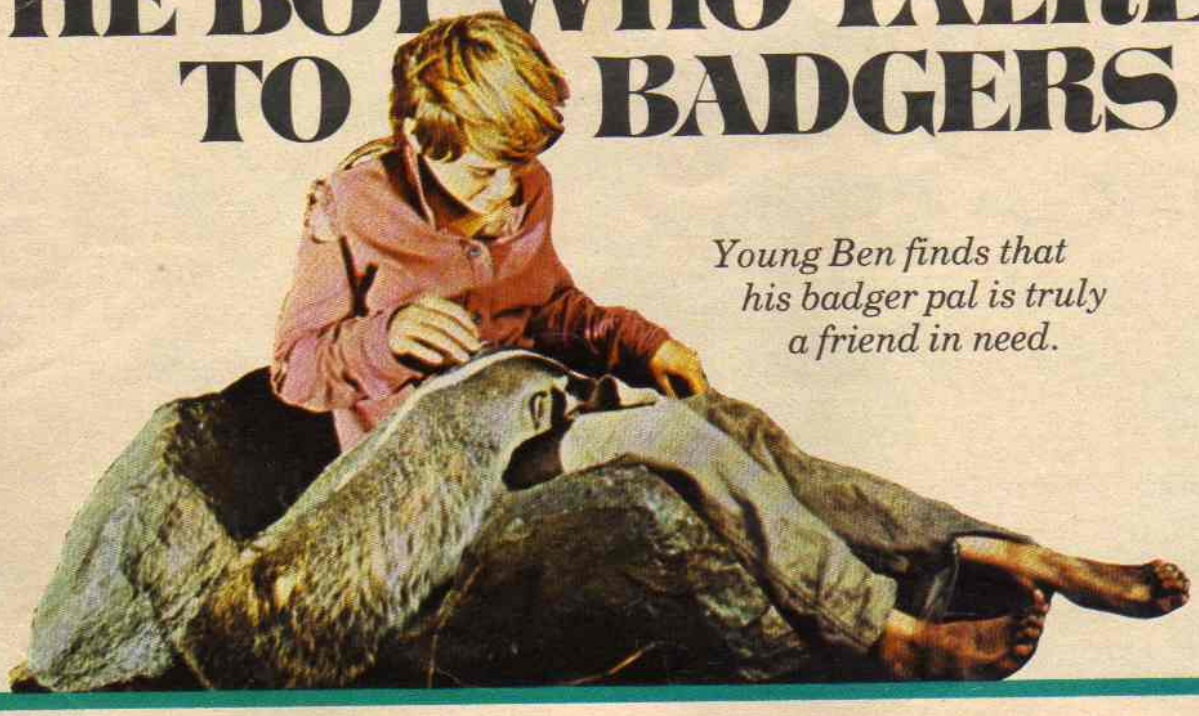
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THE BOY WHO TALKED TO BADGERS



Young Ben finds that his badger pal is truly a friend in need.

Ben MacDonald wasn't like other boys his age. At least he wasn't like most of the other six-year-olds growing up on farms in Manitoba at the turn of the century. For one thing, he didn't need to be around people to have a good time. All Ben needed was the grassy countryside near his folks' farmland, a place to be by himself, where he could move at his own speed and visit with his friends.

And he had a great many friends, that's for sure. Oh, not the two-legged human kind who always seemed to be complaining about something, or wanting to go around shooting birds or trapping rabbits. Ben's friends were the animals themselves—the shy deer who lived in the nearby woods, the curious bear cubs, and the fleet-footed fox family.

Ben possessed an almost magical knack for making friends with animals and birds. He could communicate with them, talk to them, in a way most grownups couldn't—or wouldn't—understand, even if they knew about it. He could even strike up a friendship with animals that were supposed to be mortal enemies of man. Yes, Ben was different, all right.

"Kree...kree...kree," he'd whistle to a high-flying hawk as it circled in the sky overhead. "Kree...kree...kree...," the hawk would reply before nose-diving down to land on Ben's outstretched arm. Then, friends together, they'd share the common bond of the trust each gave to the other.

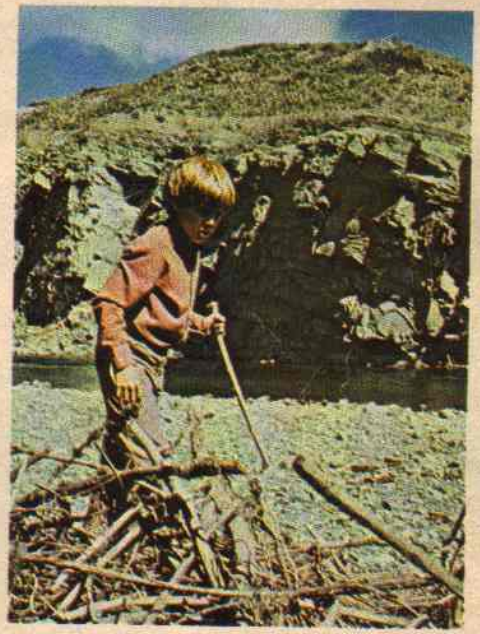
If Ben had a favorite pal, however, it would probably be the old badger who always sought him out when Ben played near Hawk's Hill, not far from the MacDonald homestead. Most folks would swear badgers



Stoney Creek was swollen with rain, and Ben soon found himself rushing downstream, clinging desperately to a log.

The MacDonald homestead was isolated, so Ben's friends were mostly wild animals.



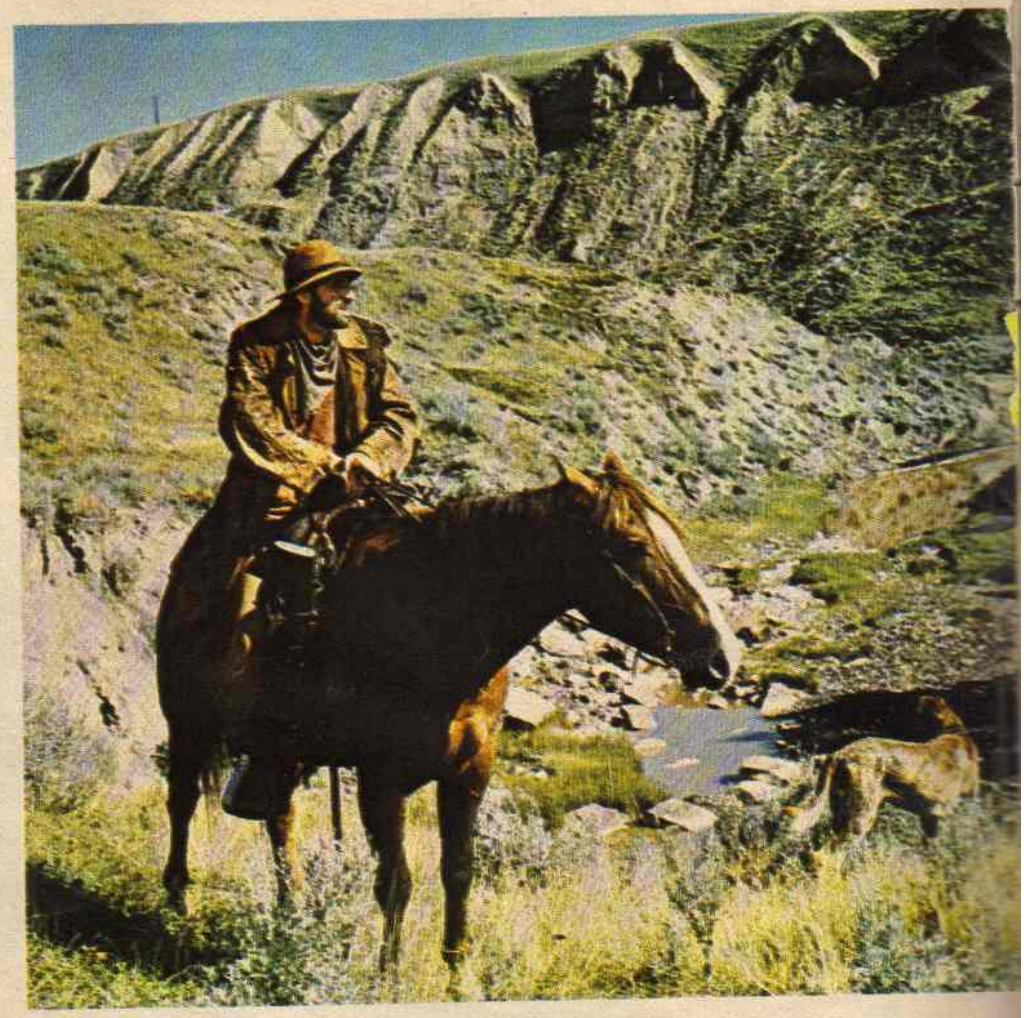




(above) One day, when he had wandered far from home, Ben decided to explore Stoney Creek.

(top left) Burton and his dog Lobo were hired by Ben's Pa to rid the area of badgers, for the holes they dug endangered his horses.

(lower left) Even at home with his family, Ben had trouble making himself understood—he was much more at ease with animals than people.



are unfriendly and dangerous creatures, insisting no one could get close to one of them. But they didn't know Ben. It was no secret that he got along better with animals than he did with people.

Even at home with his family—his brother John, father Will MacDonald and mother Esther—young Ben had a hard time making himself understood. One night when he was supposed to be in bed, fast asleep, he overheard his folks talking quietly by the fireplace. "The boy troubles me," he heard his Pa say. "He's *different*. What's going to happen to him, Esther?"

"Ben's just shy, that's all," his mother replied gently.

"More like *strange*, I'd say," said Will. "He talks more with animals than he does with people. In a few weeks, he'll be going off to school and I'm afraid they'll laugh at him!"

School! Oh, how Ben hated the word. He'd told his folks he didn't want to go to any such place, but his Ma had said he felt that way only because he didn't understand what school was like. "You'll enjoy it," his mother told him. "It can be fun, Benjy!" But Ben wasn't convinced. All he wanted was to just go on forever, doing the things he did, roaming the wide prairies with the sky for a roof and his animal friends for company.



Ben's folks decided to send him to school.

One Saturday morning while he was doing his chores, a stranger came riding into the MacDonalds' homestead. Ben didn't know it at the time, but a chain of events was about to start that would not only teach him about responsibility, but threaten his life as well!

The man was a trapper named Burton, an unpleasant-looking fellow with an equally nasty-tempered dog named Lobo at his side. Burton had been hired by Will MacDonald to clear the badgers out of the area.

The idea cut into Ben like a knife but he knew the problem. The badgers had been digging ground holes all over his Pa's farmland, and, recently, two of the work horses had broken their legs falling into the holes. Pa had had to shoot the valuable horses because of it.

All Ben could do was send up a silent prayer. If Burton *had* to find badgers, he said to himself, please let it not be his faithful little friend from Hawk's Hill. He had good reason to worry. Burton looked like the kind of man who enjoyed hurting things. His dog Lobo didn't look much better.

Little did he know that the badger's life was, indeed, in danger, and that their friendship would soon be tested more strongly than Ben could have ever imagined!

It all started on a day like most others. Will and John were in the wheatfields, working with the horses and harvester, gathering freshly cut wheat into rough piles for sheaving. They aimed to get their work done before a big storm, brewing upcountry, starting crackling around them.

Ben was far away, running on his beloved prairie and playing with a fawn. Soon he decided to explore Stoney Creek, miles from home. The stream was wider and swifter than he'd ever seen it before, swollen from recent rains. Nevertheless, he decided to wade into the stream and play with some trout.



The storm had come and gone, and no Ben. Still, his Ma refused to give up hope.

Although Burton and Lobo were pretty surly customers, they were expert trackers.

He removed his shoes and socks, left them on the shore and waded into the water, trying to scoop up an elusive fish with his bare hands. "Hey there, fish!" he laughed, making a lunge. One fish darted away, then another, and another. Ben wasn't catching any fish, but he was having fun. So much fun that he forgot to be careful.

Before he knew what happened, plop! He lost his footing and fell into a creek-bottom hole. In an instant he was struggling for his life, caught in a fast-moving current and propelled out into the middle of a treacherous stream! Too late, he remembered his father's warnings about prairie streams during the rainy season. And Ben, a poor swimmer, was paddling to no avail, moving downstream faster...and faster.

Finally—and miraculously—a huge log came bouncing toward him, just about the time he'd given up hope. With a last burst of energy, he grabbed at it and caught hold for dear life. It was like hanging onto a bucking horse, but Ben rode the log over white-water rapids, through raging whirlpools, down waterfall drops, through bouncing and broken tree-branches.

Sometime later—he had no idea how long—both the log and Ben were deposited on a river bank. He was shaken, but safe. He had no idea where he was, but his first instinct was to start running for home as fast as his legs could carry him. That's when he realized something had happened to his left leg. Sometime during the dizzying water trip, it had been badly battered or, perhaps, fractured. He couldn't walk at all!

It took all the energy he could muster just to drag himself into a cave he found nearby. It was starting to rain now, and he needed someplace to dry out and rest. In the cave, Ben felt cold and alone; he was miles away from home and hopelessly lost.



"We'll find him, Ma," comforted John.

Back on the farm, the MacDonald family was deeply concerned. A major storm was thundering outside, and Ben was nowhere to be found. Suppertime had come and gone with no sign of him. Will began to fear his son was in some kind of trouble. He whispered to John, "I don't want to frighten your Ma, she's upset enough already, but let's each take a horse and search for Benjy. You swing north, I'll go south and we'll cover the countryside."

The storm was bad, with driving rains and mournful winds, but Will and John left no area unsearched. Still, they couldn't find Ben. That's when they decided to call on the neighbors for help. People from all over the territory began looking for the lost boy who, unbeknownst to them, was sheltering himself from the storm inside a cave and unable to walk.

"We'll find him, Ma!" John told his mother. And Esther MacDonald *knew* they would.

Her faith never wavered, even when a neighbor found Ben's shoes and socks by the river bank. "He's not drowned!" she insisted when someone suggested the search be called off. So they continued on, occasionally finding clues, but no Ben.

In the meantime, Ben had found something, too. Believe it or not, his old friend Badger had waddled into the hideaway cave, just as if he'd been an expected guest. Ben couldn't have been happier to see anyone, except for Pa, or Ma, or John. And although he knew he was a long, long way from home and his troubles were far from over, Ben at least was with a friend he could depend on.

During the next few days, Badger stuck close to Ben, whose injured leg still prevented him from freely moving about. Occasionally, he even snorted in with a fish to share with his pal. Now, Ben didn't exactly cotton to eating raw fish, but it did taste mighty good to someone who hadn't eaten for days, and he told Badger so.

Badger, Ben reckoned, was just waiting for him to get well enough to be led back to Hawk's Hill and home. And so he was. One day, Badger decided it was time. He began running across the fields and hills, leading the way for Ben, whose leg improved to the point that he could run. Faster and faster they ran, further and further. Then something happened

that brought the journey to an end. Poor Badger accidentally stepped into one of Burton's dreaded traps. *Snap!* The sound made Ben's blood run cold.

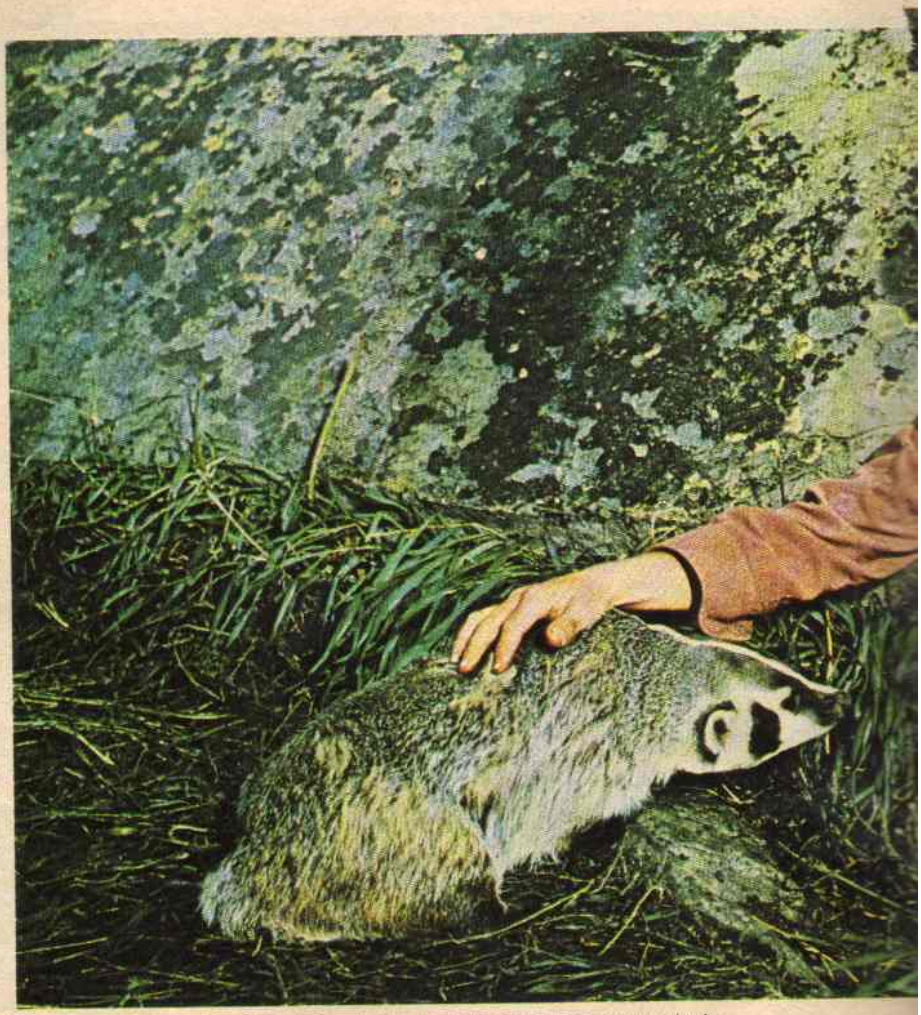
It took a long time for Ben to set him free; it also took all his strength to force the heavy trap jaws apart, allowing a bewildered Badger to scurry away. After that, it was too dark to continue ahead, so they retreated to the safety of the cave. Ben was discouraged, but at least Badger had been saved!

The search for Ben never lessened. One day, brother John was out on his horse, covering the same territory he'd scouted a hundred times, vainly hunting for his lost brother, scanning the same hillsides and lowlands. But this day was different. Far, far away in the distance, John saw a tiny figure standing near the mouth of a cave. "Benjy?" he said to himself. Then: "Benjy!" he yelled, galloping off toward young Ben, riding like the wind.

There was much jubilation and thanksgiving at the MacDonalds' dinner table that night. Ben was home! And his old friend Badger had come along, too, now one of the family.

Ben gobbled down his Ma's good food with all the gusto of a boy who's been away from home cooking for a month of Sundays. Between bites, he told his family just how he would have starved without Badger bringing him fish to eat. "And, now and then, he'd bring me a raw egg, or a frog," Ben told them.

Suddenly, the homecoming celebration was shattered by the sudden, terrifying explosion of a gunshot outside. Ben jumped from the table, knowing in his heart what had happened. Outside, Burton was standing with his freshly-fired gun. On the ground, near him, was Badger.



Battered by his trip down Stoney Creek, Ben found a cave where he could take shelter. And who should join him but his old pal, Badger, who settled down with him to wait out the storm.

In an instant, Ben was holding Badger while his Pa flew at Burton, knocking him to the ground. "Get out!" he told the stunned trapper. "Get off this farm, and keep going!" Burton was gone in an instant, along with his growling dog.

"Old Badger...poor Old Badger," Ben said, softly.

Badger opened his eyes, whined weakly and lay back, cuddled in Ben's protective arms.

"He's going to live, isn't he, Pa?" Ben asked. "He's *got* to live!"

"I don't know, son," Will said, putting his hand on his son's shoulder. "I...I can't lie to you. That would only make it worse later on, if I did. Badger's hurt bad, but we'll do all we can to get him well!"

Badger never recovered, despite all that was done for him, but up to the end he knew what a loyal friend he had in Ben MacDonald. He took care of his ailing pal, just as Badger had done when Ben needed a friend. There was a bond between them that didn't need to be expressed in words, although Ben and Badger could have, if they'd wished. That's what most people wouldn't believe. But Ben and Badger weren't like most ordinary folks. They both believed, not with their heads, but with their hearts.





Scanning the hillsides and lowlands in an area he'd already searched many times, John at last sighted Benjy, who was heading home at a limp, with Badger for company.



Overjoyed at finding him, John helped Ben climb up behind him, and they began the long ride to the MacDonald homestead, where Ben would be welcomed by his Ma and Pa.



"I don't know, son," said Ben's Pa. "But we'll do all we can for old Badger."

PETER PAN and the



TICK TOCK TREASURE



Wendy, John and Michael Darling had returned to visit Peter Pan in Neverland, the magical island where Peter and the Lost Boys lived. Peter's enemies, Captain Hook and his pirate crew, were not about, so John and Michael had gone exploring.

"Baby crocodiles, John! A whole nest of 'em," Michael called to his older brother.

John peered into a hollow log. "Capital, Michael! There are eight of them. I bet they're hungry."

"Let's take them home and feed them," Michael urged.

"Put them in my hat. Peter will surely want to see them."

"John, this little one's stuck. Look, he's holding on to something with his teeth."

"You're right. The little fellow's got a paper! Michael, it's a map! Quick, let's be off to tell Peter Pan."

The two boys ran through the forest to the clearing where Peter and the Lost Boys were gathered. The boys fed the crocodiles gumdrops and jellybeans while Peter inspected the map.

"Why, this is a piece of Hook's handiwork," said Peter Pan.

"Captain Hook!" they all exclaimed. "How can you tell, Peter?"

"This map hasn't been drawn with a pen. It's been scratched out by Hook's miserable claw. So it *was* Hook who stole the Indian princess' treasure!"

"Tiger Lily's jewelry? That disappeared long ago."

"Right onto Hook's ship, it did! He must have hidden the treasure...in Skull Rock, the map says."

"Boy! Wait'll the Indian Chief hears about this!"

"Yes. But your pets are still hungry and so am I. Let's eat before we go and tell him."

After eating, as they searched for more tidbits for the hungry crocodiles, the boys neared the cove where Mr. Smee, Captain Hook's right-hand man, was fishing. Smee quickly hid himself and overheard the boys discussing the map. He ran to the ship to report this news to Hook.

"Blast you, Smee! Where are my boots!" roared Hook, hopping toward Smee.

"But Cap'n, Sir. The boys have found the old map."

"The old map? What old map?" he snapped. "The Sunken City map? The Gold Doubloon map? The map to the Lost Emerald Mine?"

"No, Cap'n. The map to Princess Tiger Lily's treasure."

"Tiger Lily's jewels? Yes, I certainly did outwit smart-aleck Pan that time. The agate! The gleaming silver! Turquoise, blue as mermaids' eyes!"

"Smee!" he suddenly rasped. "You say Pan and his brats have found the map? How ghastly! Do you realize what those busybodies will do? They'll *return the treasure to Princess Tiger Lily!!!* We've got to stop them, Smee!

"I *must* get that map back before those blasted brats follow it to the treasure, Smee," continued the Captain, placing his hook affectionately on Mr. Smee's shoulder. "You'll get that map for me, won't you, Smee?" Hook persuaded.

"I, Cap'n?" said Smee in bewilderment.

"*You*, Smee," said the pirate, shaking his hook menacingly in front of Smee's nose.

"Aye, Cap'n. Aye."

A little later, Smee moored the longboat and walked back toward the clearing where he had left the boys. He wondered how he would get hold of the map, and nervously tossed piece after piece of licorice into his mouth. Hearing music and laughter, Smee threw himself to the ground and crawled toward the sounds.

Inside Peter Pan's tree-house Wendy was serving baked coconut in-the-half-shell to the boys. Peter lay on his back playing his reed pipes. John sat on the bed, his top hat nearby. And inside the hat was the map.

Looking nervously from behind the tree, Smee saw the map! He stuck his wet, sticky licorice on the point of his pocket knife. Reaching forward through the shrubbery, Smee was able to make contact with the parchment. The map stuck to the licorice! Smee silently withdrew with his prize.

Some time later John looked in his hat. "Peter!" he cried. "The map's gone!"

"Well," said Wendy, "it couldn't just disappear."

"You're right, Wendy. I suspect our friend, Hook," said Peter.

"Hook? Peter, if that Captain Hook has the map, we..."

"We won't be able to find the treasure...so Hook thinks. We've got to beat him to it or he'll hide it somewhere else, and Tiger Lily will never see her jewels again."

"But without the map, how will we know where to look?" inquired Wendy. "Skull Rock is a big place."





"It isn't so big for a mermaid. Let's go! And John, bring along your little pets. I'm sure Captain Hook will want to meet them," he winked.

Meanwhile, with Hook's map gripped in his teeth and perspiration pouring down his face, Smee was rowing furiously toward the ship.

"Ahoy, Smee, you slacker!" bellowed the Captain as he leaned over the rail anxiously. "Have you got the map?"

Unable to speak, Smee could only nod his head vigorously.

"Well, faster, man! Faster! There's no time to lose!"

Hook leaped aboard the bobbing boat, almost capsizing it. "Careful, you lubber! Give me that map," he shouted. "Head straight for Skull Rock, Smee. The chest should still be right where I hid it."

Meanwhile, Peter and his friends hastened to Mermaid Lagoon. The mermaids knew of an old, rusted box, lodged in the sand beneath Skull Rock. Since it was still high tide, the mermaids dived below, brought the box to the surface and took it to Peter.

"This is it," shouted everyone triumphantly, as they pulled out turquoise and silver necklaces, carved bear tooth bracelets and agate rings. "Will Tiger Lily ever be happy to see this!"

"Here, Wendy," said Peter. "You take charge of the Indian jewels. Now, boys, we weight the box with dirt. If Captain Hook finds an empty chest, he'll know that we've arrived first and he'll try to steal Tiger Lily's jewels back."

"But he'll do the same if he finds a chest full of dirt."

"Hook will never notice what is underneath, once he's seen what's on top," Peter said. "Remember the crocodile that snapped off Captain Hook's right hand? Later it swallowed a clock. When Hook hears the ticking of the clock, he knows the crocodile is back for another meal. If he runs from one ticking crocodile, what will he do when he hears eight crocodiles tick-ticking?

"We'll come back at low tide and give your baby crocodiles a temporary home in the chest for a few hours, John. They'll come to no harm, and they'll help teach Hook a lesson he won't soon forget. But first let's return the treasure to the Indians."

Later, at low tide, Peter and his friends returned to Skull Rock, and John placed the baby crocodiles in the chest.

"It's Captain Hook," whispered Michael urgently, pointing to a boat that was fast approaching the cave.

"Dive for cover and lay low," said Peter, as everyone scurried behind the rocks.

"Avast!" yelled Hook as the boat smashed into some rocks. "The chest should be below these two rocks."

As Hook lifted the box from the sand, Peter and the boys, unseen, began to make faint tick-tick-ticking sounds which echoed off the rock walls of the cave.

"Cap'n, I hear something. It's...it's..."

"No, Smee! It can't be the cr...?" said Hook, opening the chest with hesitation.

"Arrrghh!" screamed Hook, finally glimpsing the little green crocodiles in the chest. He leaped high in the air, a look of horror on his face. Smee lunged for the boat, leaving Hook to swim furiously behind. "Arrghh! Crocodiles! A nest of little, ticking crocodiles! This cave is cursed," sputtered the Captain as Smee pulled him into the boat.

"All those little mouths hungering for a taste of Hook! But they'll not have me, Smee. Treasure or no treasure, I'll never set foot or hook in this cave again."

"Look at the brave Captain go, boys," cried Peter Pan. "At the rate he's going he might be in England by nightfall. John, your little green pets are safe and sound. But best of all, Hook will never know that Princess Tiger Lily has her jewels back."


Goofy
and WINTER SPORTS
By our Special Correspondent



GLACIER FALLS, COLORADO: Goofy, one of the world's foremost winter sports enthusiasts, arrived here this week for the First Annual Glacier Falls Ski and Winter Wheat Festival.

Goofy was well equipped. He had skis, bobsled, ski poles, boots, mittens, ice skates, hockey stick, camera, electric blanket, snow shovel, autograph book, snow shoes, jackets and a tennis racquet. (Tennis racquet??!)

When the Festival committee issued an order that athletes would not be able to compete wearing free gifts from manufacturers, Goofy rummaged through his suitcases to eliminate all such gifts. He found he had no problem. No manufacturer would be silly enough to give Goofy a free gift.

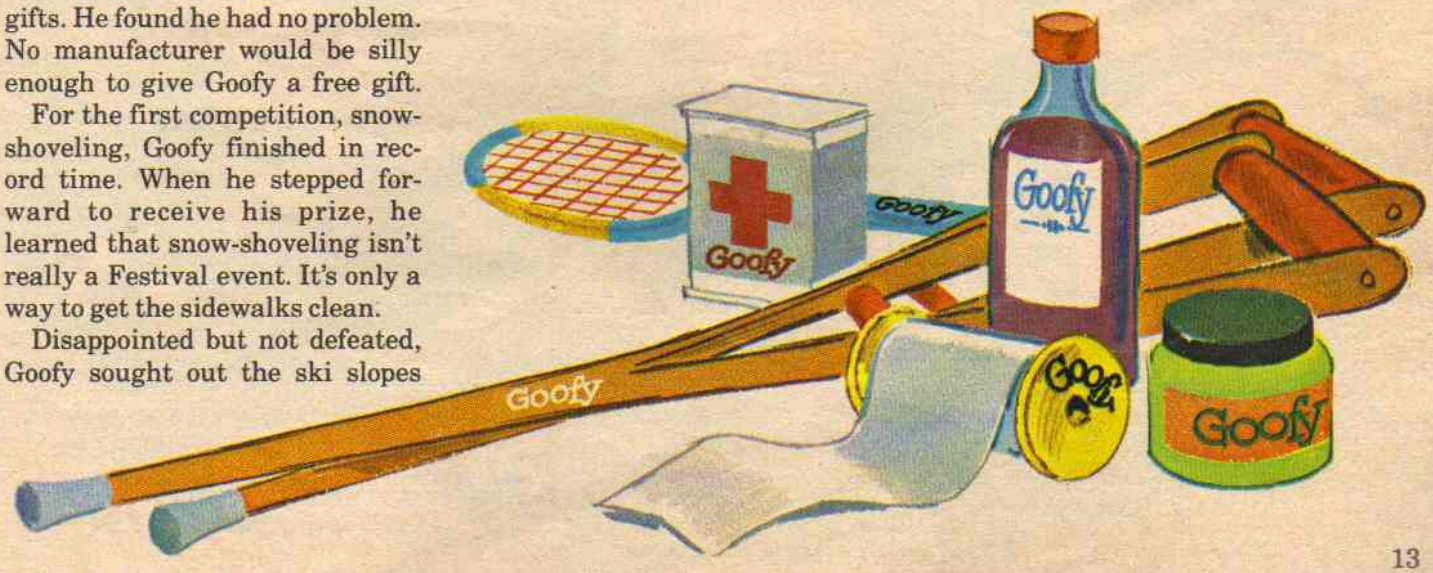
For the first competition, snow-shoveling, Goofy finished in record time. When he stepped forward to receive his prize, he learned that snow-shoveling isn't really a Festival event. It's only a way to get the sidewalks clean.

Disappointed but not defeated, Goofy sought out the ski slopes and took the lift to the top. After one look down the hill, he decided to try the beginners' slope on the other side of the mountain. The trouble was, he forgot how to turn around. He zoomed down the hill—backwards!

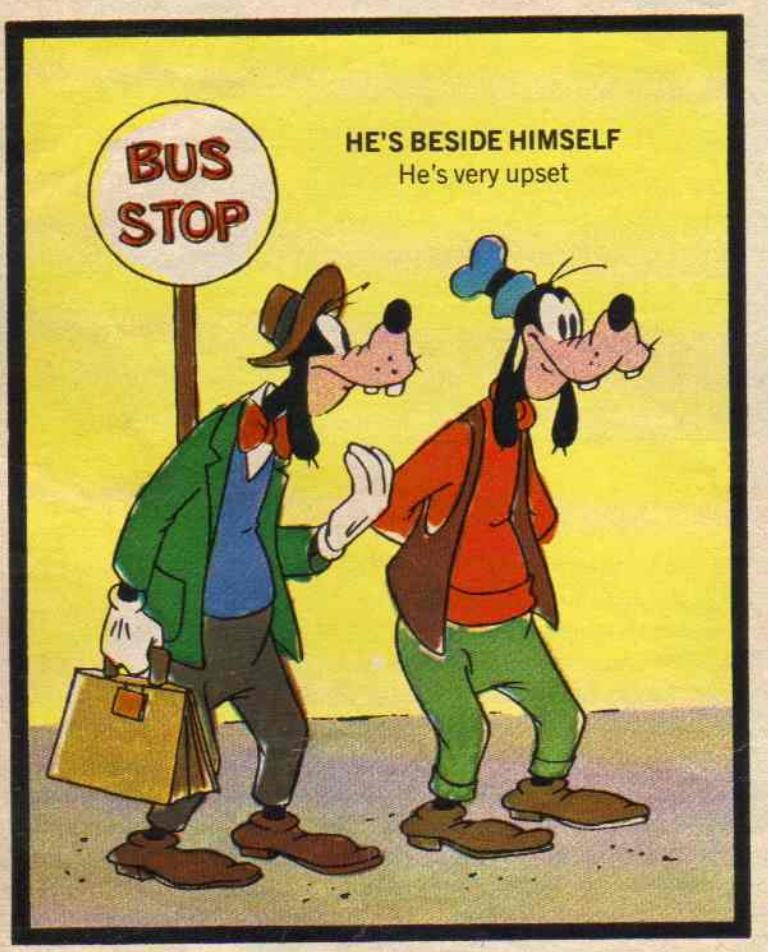
Trying to get his balance, he lost one ski. And as he went over the ski jump backwards, you could hear his victorious scream throughout the valley. Somehow he landed upright and didn't break any bones. Luckily for him, he didn't know what he was doing—otherwise he'd have been killed.

The next event was bobsledding. Goofy hurried over, sled in hand. He reached the starting line as the gun went off. Goofy's bobsled made the trip in 52 seconds. It took Goofy 58!

Although Goofy didn't win any trophies, he did become a celebrity. He was the only athlete to appear at Glacier Falls with a tennis racquet. As a result of his success in the snow, Goofy has been asked to lend his name to many products—tennis racquets, of course—and crutches, liniment, slings and elastic bandages!



Simply Said



HE'S BESIDE HIMSELF
He's very upset



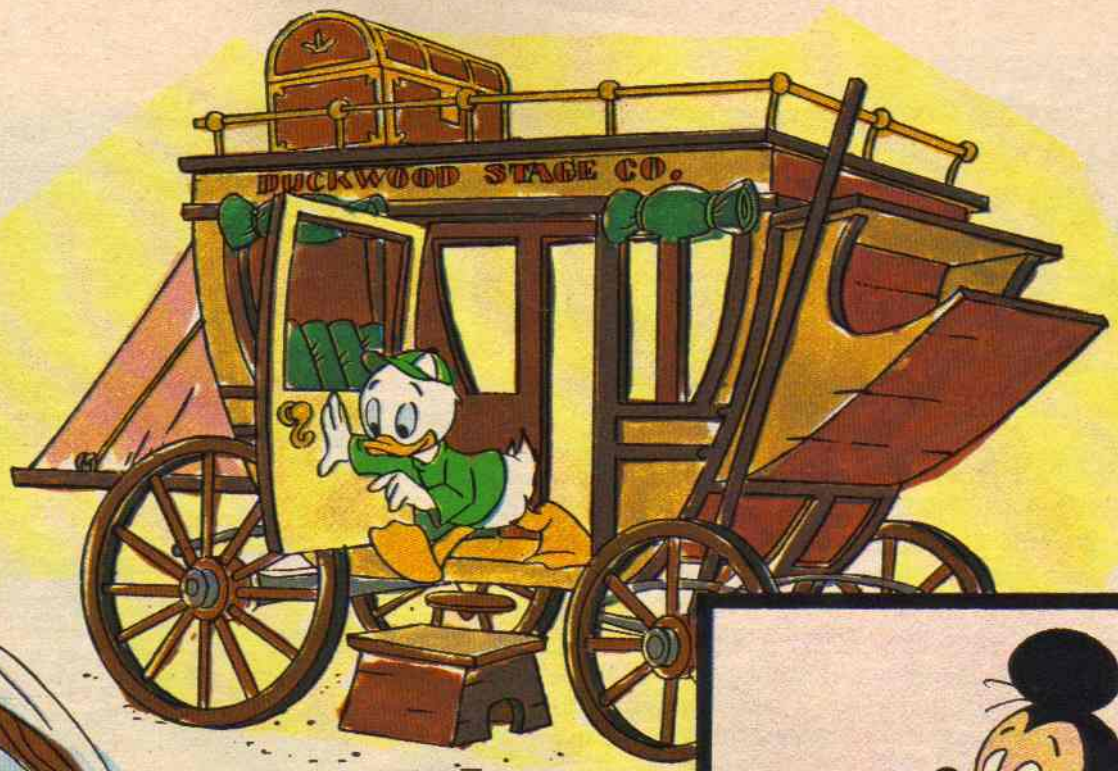
FLYING OFF THE HANDLE
Getting angry



HE'S GOT A CHIP ON HIS SHOULDER
He's quarrelsome; he's looking for a fight

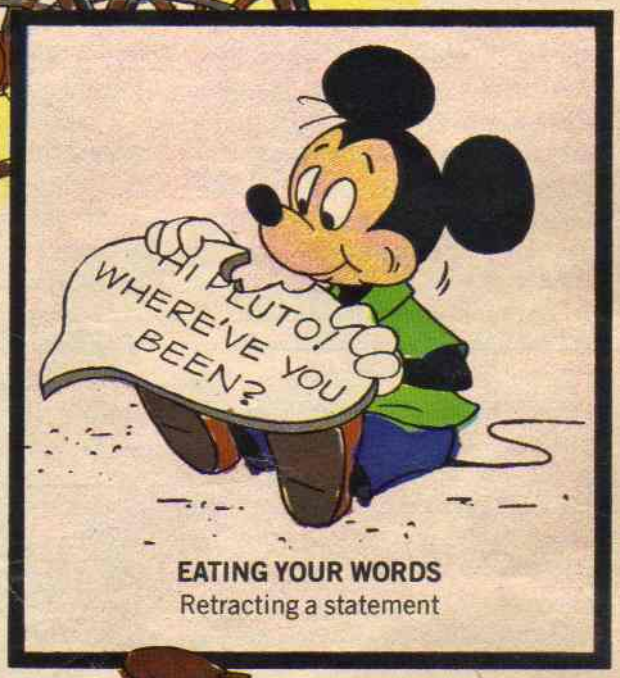
I'M ALL EARS
I'm listening



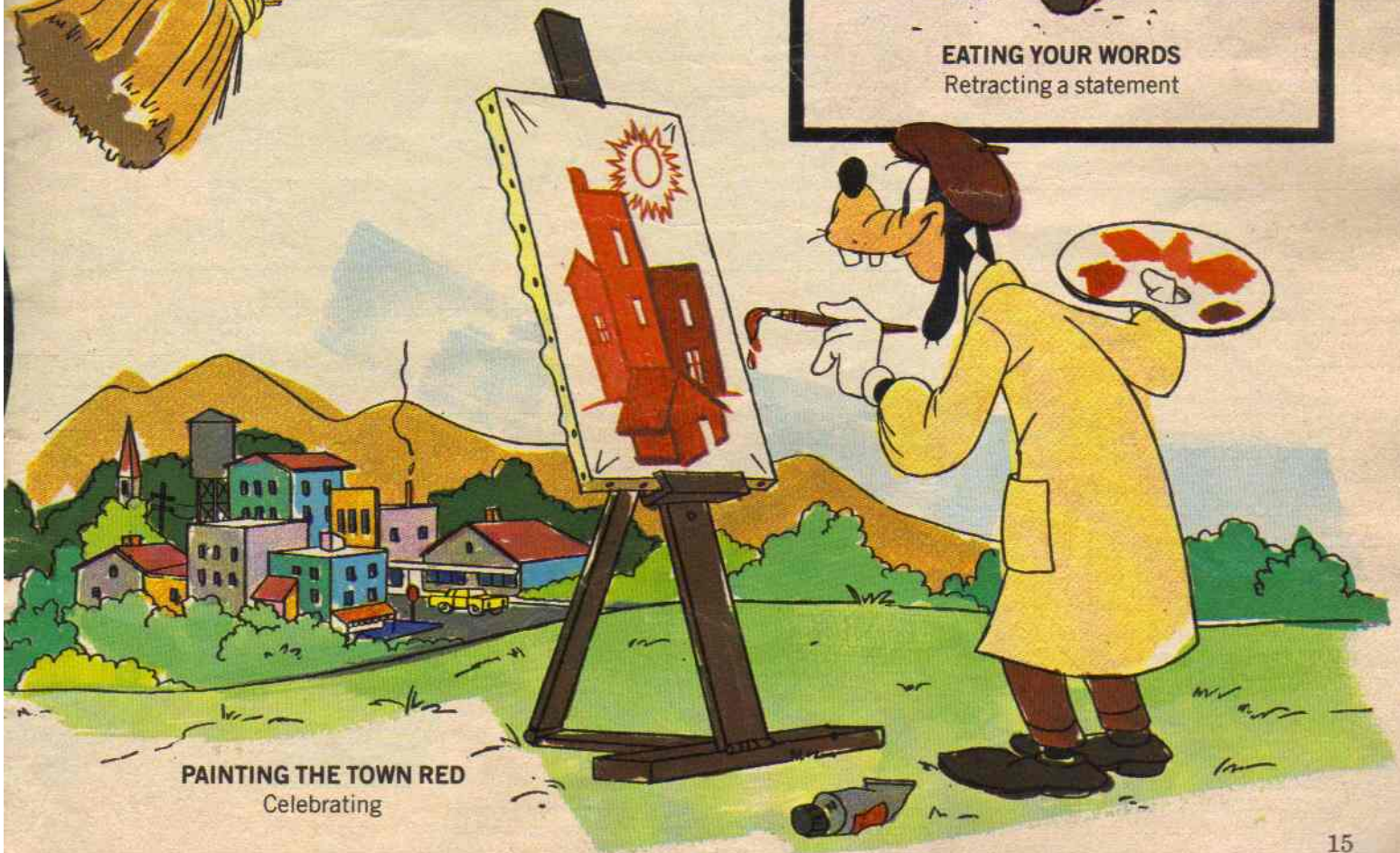


GOING THROUGH A STAGE
Passing through a period of development





EATING YOUR WORDS
Retracting a statement



PAINTING THE TOWN RED
Celebrating

ROCK HUDSON

A pint of whipping cream almost cost him his life.

Not long ago, some friends invited me to their home for a big Sunday family-type dinner, and everything was great until it came time for dessert. That's when they brought out some plates heaping with apple pie, topped with whipped cream. Well, there was nothing at all wrong with the dessert itself. It's just that every time I see a swirl of whipped cream, I remember one day when I was a kid and came within minutes of getting blown to bits—all because of a pint of whipping cream.

Back in Illinois when I was growing up, Saturday mornings meant errands and chores. One of my weekly responsibilities was shopping for my mom, gathering the whole week's supply of groceries. First I'd go to the main grocery store in town for the staples, like meat, bread and flour, then I'd have to go to a special outlet store for the local dairy where I'd pick up fresh eggs and milk. I didn't mind going after the groceries, but I hated to go for the dairy products. That's because the old man who ran the place was an unpleasant old geezer, always scowling and barking whenever he'd have to talk. He never seemed to like me, and I must admit the feeling grew to be mutual.

One Saturday, everything changed. I had done my grocery shopping as usual, making sure I wasted plenty of time along the way—anything to put off seeing that grumpy old-timer.

Finally, I couldn't put it off any longer, so I headed to the dairy outlet store. I got the eggs I needed, and the fresh milk, but I couldn't find the whipping cream which my mom had put on her shopping list. I asked Scrooge about it.

As usual, he wasn't friendly. He just looked at me and snapped, "Don't have any. Go get it at the dairy." Period. So, I paid what I owed, and started out the door for the dairy.

I hadn't gone further than the door when the old man suddenly called out to me. "Hey, kid, come here!" he said. I turned around to see what he wanted. "If you're not in a hurry," he said, "maybe... you'd stop and talk for a few minutes." Needless to say, I couldn't have been more surprised. All of a sudden the old grizzly bear had turned into a human being! Either he was sorry he'd been so gruff to me before, or he was just a lonely old man who wanted someone to talk with, but we stood and talked and really had an enjoyable conversation.

And his change of attitude literally saved my life. Not more than five minutes after we started talking, there was a huge explosion across the road and the entire dairy was blown apart. It was later discovered there had been some mechanical difficulty that caused the blast, but it was a bad one and no one in the dairy itself was saved. That's exactly where I would have been if it hadn't been for the old man asking me to stop and chat with him.

I'll never forget that day, or the old man's change of heart. That's also why I can never eat a spoonful of whipped cream without realizing how lucky I am to be alive!



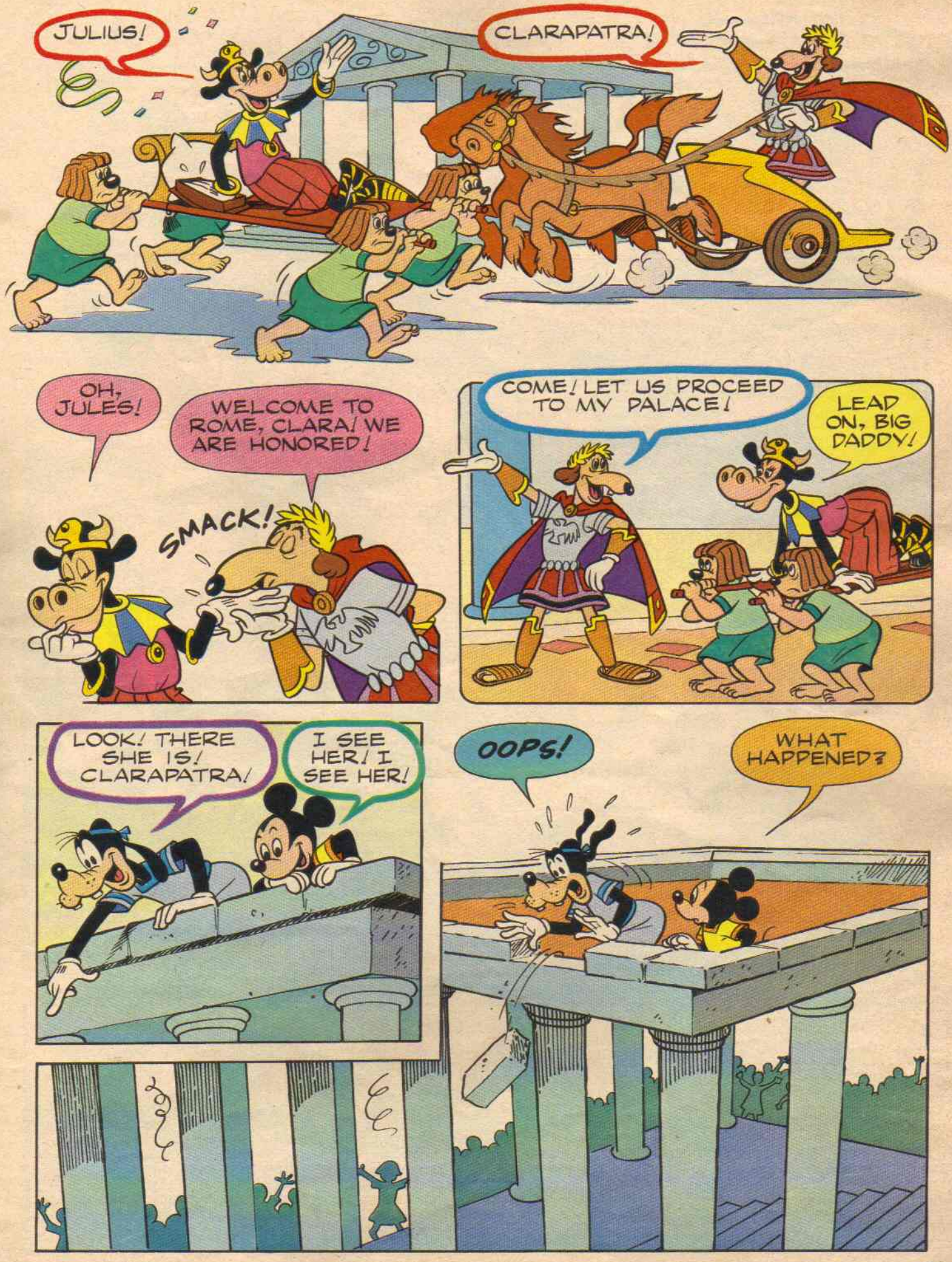


Walt Disney's MICKEY and Clarapatra

A DISNEY COMEDY CLASSIC





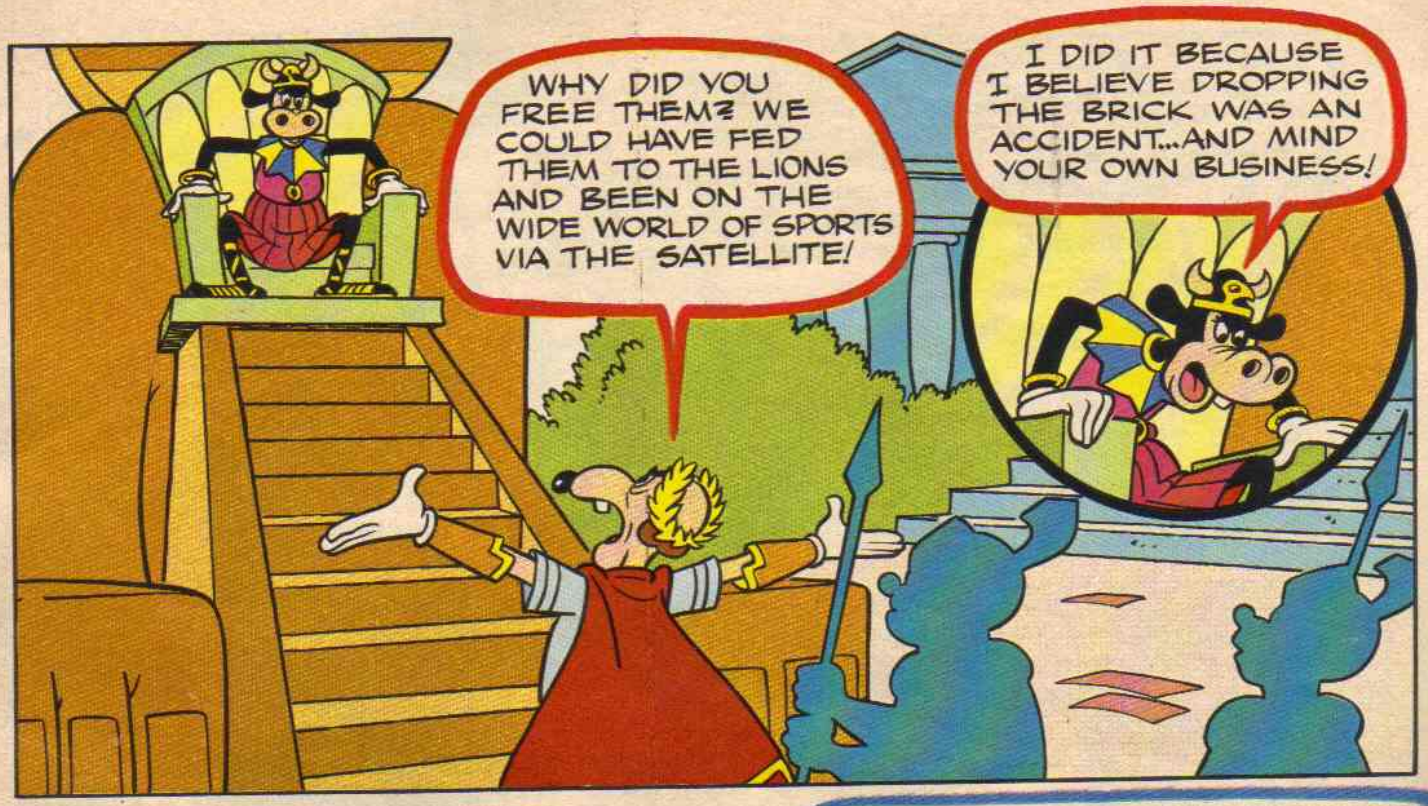

JULIUS!
CLARAPATRA!
OH, JULES!
WELCOME TO ROME, CLARA! WE ARE HONORED!
SMACK!
COME! LET US PROCEED TO MY PALACE!
LEAD ON, BIG DADDY!
LOOK! THERE SHE IS! CLARAPATRA!
I SEE HER! I SEE HER!
OOPS!
WHAT HAPPENED?


I ACCIDENTALLY KNOCKED A BRICK OFF OF THE ROOF!
KONK!
TO THE ROOF, MEN! SOMEONE IS TRYING TO ASSASINATE CLARAPATRA! GET THEM!
I WONDER WHAT ALL THE EXCITEMENT IS DOWN THERE?
I DON'T KNOW!
NOW I KNOW! YOUR BRICK MUST HAVE HIT SOMEBODY!
YES...THE QUEEN OF EGYPT! YOU ARE UNDER ARREST!


IF WE HAD WATCHED THE PARADE ON T.V., NONE OF THIS WOULD HAVE HAPPENED!
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, CLARA?
I...I GUESS SO, JULIUS! WHAT HAPPENED?
ASSASSINS FROM THE ROOFTOP! THEY BEANED YOU WITH THIS BRICK!
DON'T JUST STAND THERE! GET THEM!
MY MEN ALREADY HAVE THEM!
GOOD! SET UP MY PORTABLE THRONE, AND BRING THEM BEFORE ME! I'LL SHOW YOU HOW CLARA-PATRA DEALS WITH WOULD-BE ASSASSINS!
OH-OH! SOMEBODY IS GOING TO BE FED TO THE LIONS!
STEEL BELTED RADIUS
THIS IS PORTABLE?
HOW DO YOU GET OUT OF THIS OUTFIT, ANYWAY?

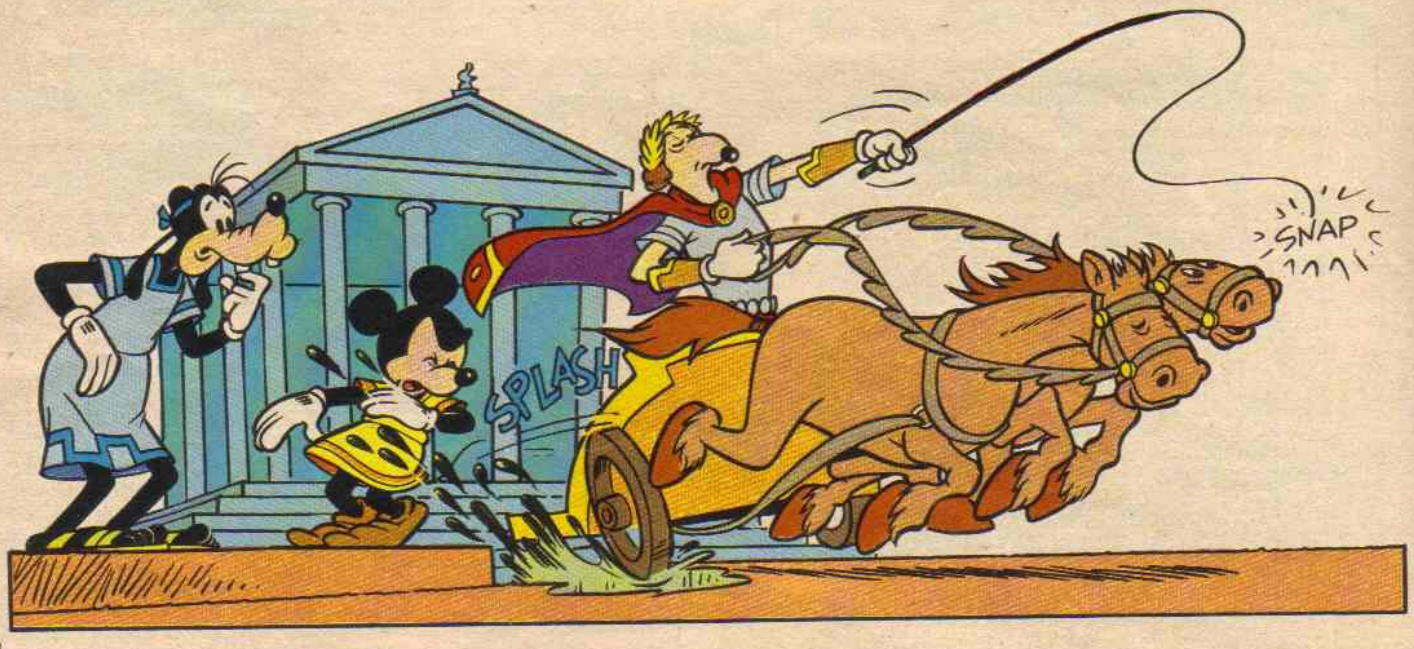

WHO ARE YOU?
I AM MICKEYUS MOUSEUS AND THIS IS MY FRIEND, GOOFYUS! WE WERE ONLY ON THE ROOF TO GET A BETTER VIEW OF YOU!
ALSO A BETTER VANTAGE POINT FROM WHICH TO KONK ME ON THE CASABA WITH A BRICK!!
FEED THEM TO THE LIONS!!
I TELL YOU, OH BEAUTIFUL QUEEN! IT WAS AN ACCIDENT! IT MAKES MY HEART ACHE TO THINK THAT YOU THINK WE WOULD HARM YOU! YOU ARE THE THE PARTHENON OF BEAUTY! A DYNAMIC BUNDLE OF BREATH-TAKING PULCHRITUDE!
ENOUGH OF THIS DRIVEL!
TO THE LIONS WITH THEM!
YOU KEEP OUT OF THIS, JULIUS!
YOU MAY CONTINUE, MICKEYUS MOUSEUS!

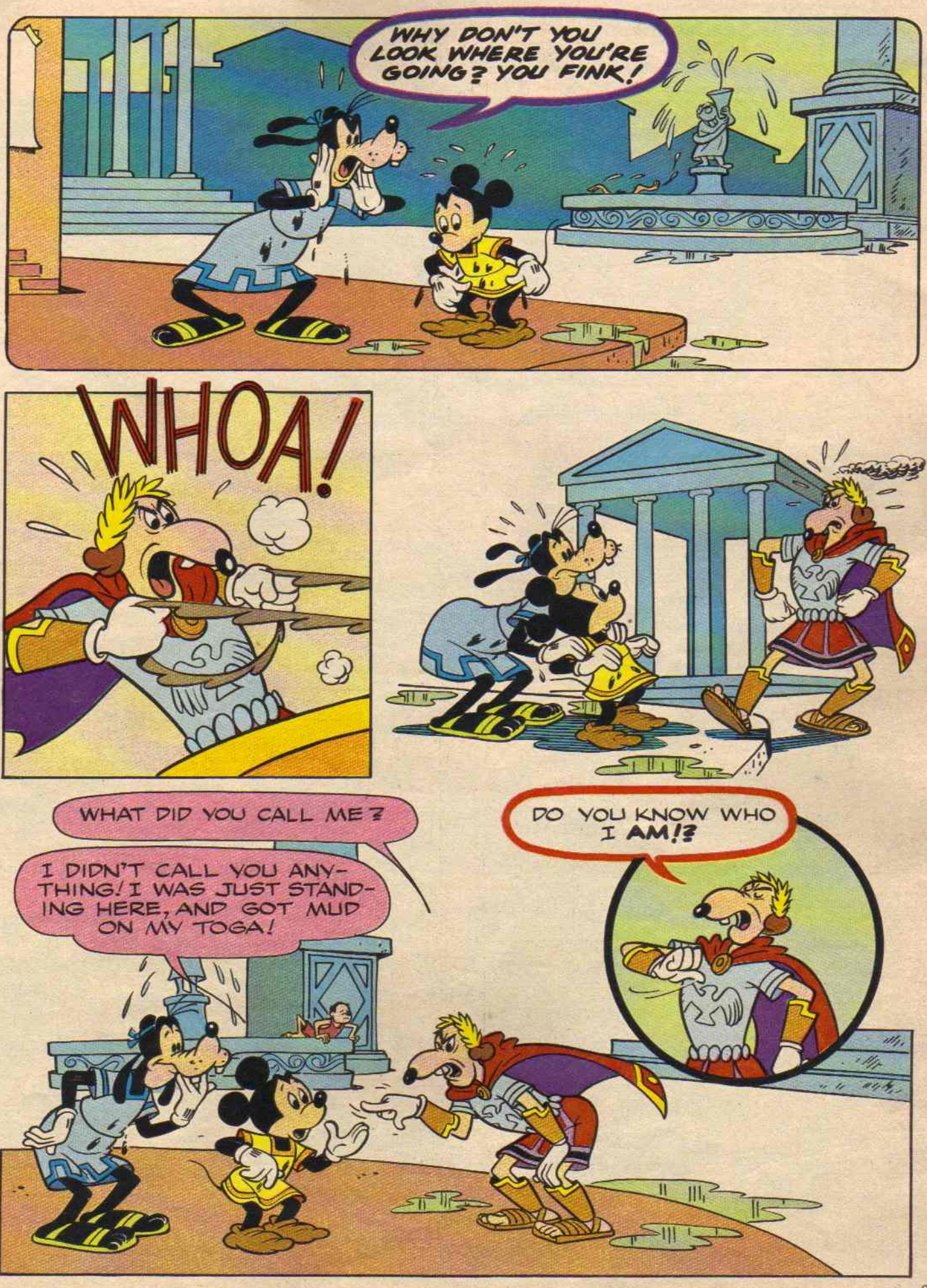

?
AS I WAS SAYING, DEAR QUEEN, YOU ARE A CREATURE OF GREAT BEAUTY...BEAUTY TO BEHOLD AND, I MIGHT ADD, TO BE HELD! AND IF YOU THINK WE WOULD HARM ONE HAIR ON YOUR ROYAL HEAD, THEN I SAY, "TUT! TUT!"
TUT! TUT?
DO YOU KNOW HOW TO SPEAK EGYPTIAN?
WELL, MAYBE JUST A LITTLE!
OUT TO LUNCH
FREE THEM!
COME ON! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!


WHY DID YOU FREE THEM? WE COULD HAVE FED THEM TO THE LIONS AND BEEN ON THE WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS VIA THE SATELLITE!
I DID IT BECAUSE I BELIEVE DROPPING THE BRICK WAS AN ACCIDENT...AND MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS!


I DIDN'T KNOW YOU COULD SPEAK EGYPTIAN!
WELL... ACTUALLY I ONLY KNOW HOW TO SAY TUT, TUT, AND
POSTA


NOTUS
ALEXANDER MIGHT BE GOOD BUT HE'S NOT GREAT!
AND WHILE I THINK OF IT AND BEFORE WE GO ANY FARTHER, TRY NOT TO GET US INTO ANY MORE TROUBLE! JUST REMEMBER, "WHEN IN ROME DO AS THE ROMANS DO!"

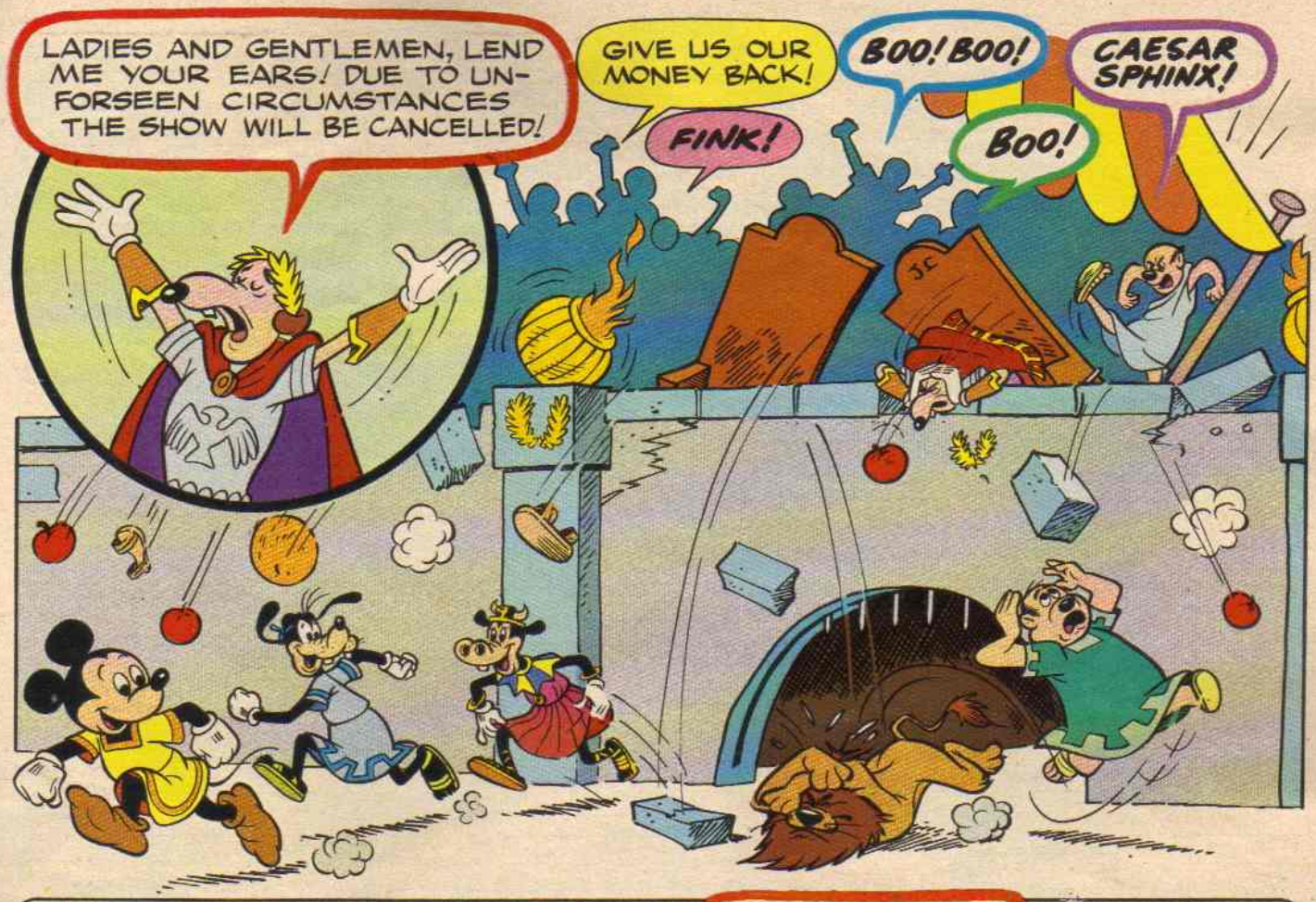

SPLASH
SNAP


WHY DON'T YOU LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING? YOU FINK!
WHOA!
WHAT DID YOU CALL ME?
I DIDN'T CALL YOU ANY-THING! I WAS JUST STAND-ING HERE, AND GOT MUD ON MY TOGA!
DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM!?

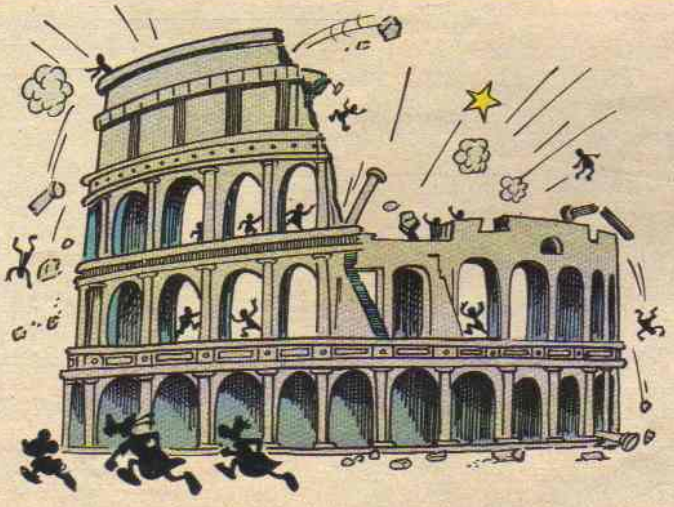

WELL, YES! I THINK WE MET A FEW MOMENTS AGO! YOU'RE SID CAESAR!
TUM-DE-DE-DE-DOO!
I'M JULIUS CAESAR!
STOMP!
WHY DID YOU DO IT? WHY DID YOU HAVE TO SPLATTER MUD ON CAESAR...OF ALL PEOPLE?
LOOK, YOU SAID, "DO AS THE ROMANS DO!" HE SPLATTERED MUD ON US, SO I SPLATTERED MUD ON HIM!
WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT?
BEN HIS
BEN HURS
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT IS WRONG WITH THAT! TODAY THEY ARE GOING TO FEED US TO THE LIONS, THANKS TO YOU!
OH, YOU DON'T HAVE TO THANK ME! NOBODY IS GOING TO SPLATTER MUD ON YOU WHILE I'M AROUND!
YOU'RE ON!
ALREADY?


COME ON! GET OUT THERE! YOUR PUBLIC AWAITS YOU!
I DON'T WANT TO GO OUT THERE IN FRONT OF ALL THOSE PEOPLE WEARING A DIRTY TOGA!
QUIT STALLING! GET OUT THERE!
ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT!
I DON'T WANT TO BE EATEN BY A LION!
WHAT KIND OF A SHOW DO YOU HAVE PLANNED FOR TODAY, JULES?
WELL, YOU MIGHT CALL IT A SURPRISE!
DON'T CRY GOOFYUS! YOU'RE MAKING A SPECTACLE OF YOURSELF! IN A MINUTE IT WILL BE ALL OVER!
IN A MINUTE WE'LL BE ALL OVER!
GO LIONS!


SURPRISE, INDEED! WHAT ARE THEY DOING OUT THERE? I THOUGHT I SET THEM FREE!
THEY SPATTERED MUD ON ME AND CALLED ME A FINK!!
J.C.
YOU ARE A FINK!!
SEND OUT THE LIONS!
OOPS!
ROAR!
KONK!
ACCIDENTS DO HAPPEN, DON'T THEY, FINK?
I SAID LIONS! PLURAL!
THIS IS THE ONLY ONE WE HAD! YOU'LL HAVE TO CANCEL THE SHOW!







TIME ALONE DID NOT RUIN THE FABULOUS ROMAN COLOSSEUM!

IT WAS THE RIOTING ROMANS WHO WRECKED THE GREAT ARENA...ALL DUE TO CAESAR'S CLUMSINESS IN ALLOWING A BRICK TO K.O. THE LAST REMAINING LION!

MICKEY MOUSEUS AND GOOFYUS RETURNED TO EGYPT WITH CLARAPATRA WHERE THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER IN THE SHADE OF THE GREAT PYRAMID!

What does it take to be a Mouseketeer?





Only a dozen out of the six thousand boys and girls across the country who auditioned for "The New Mickey Mouse Club Show," were selected to wear the coveted mouse ears. What makes them winners?

Let's take a look at one of them, Allison Fonte. A slender twelve-year-old with velvety brown eyes, Allison is the fourth of five children in a strictly non-show-business family. "We never pushed Allison to become a performer," her mother points out.

No one *had* to push Allison. She's a born entertainer. Although she began taking dancing lessons because that's one of the things young girls do, she soon found that dancing was more than a passing interest, and took up gymnastics to develop her balance and agility. Although her coach thought she was Olympic-caliber, Allison had a more immediate goal. "I only took up gymnastics to improve my dancing," she explains.

Allison's entertainment career began modestly—she started appearing in programs at service clubs and neighborhood groups like the PTA, when she was nine. Her clear, natural voice made it logical to add singing to her dancing talents. And when it became difficult to find accompanists, Allison, always the perfectionist, suggested to her mother that she should take piano lessons so she could accompany herself.

Luck also played its part in Allison's becoming a Mouseketeer. About a year ago she was dancing and singing at a neighborhood shopping mall. She was spotted by a theatrical agent. When auditions for "The New Mickey Mouse Club Show" were announced for her area, the agent remembered Allison, and called the Fontes to suggest that she participate. Allison survived the preliminaries and was told she would be called back. Then came a crisis.

Talent and luck aren't the only things that make a Mouseketeer, and what happened to Allison next illustrates another important quality: determination. A stomach ache that turned out to be appendicitis meant an operation. Would she recover in time to participate in the finals?

The Fonte family kept its fingers crossed. Allison's ancestors were hardy Portuguese sailors. Added to this heritage is Allison's own steely determination. When the call-back came for the final audition, she was there, a little pale around the edges, but she gave it her best shot.

The rest, as they say, is history. Allison is now wrapped up in the magic of being a Mouseketeer. But let's return to our original question—what is it about Allison and the other Mouseketeers that led to their being chosen for the job? All of them, like Allison, are talented and hard-working, and all had their share of good luck. But that's true of many of the youngsters who went through the auditions. "We passed over some kids who may go on to be big stars in the entertainment world," reflects Mike Wuergler, a co-producer of the show. "But we feel that the children chosen generated a certain something that came through to us. It made you happy just watching them audition."

That "certain something" is a quality called charisma: the indefinable air that makes people notice you. It's a sparkle, an attitude, an obvious zest for what you're doing that makes your performance fresh and fun to watch. "We weren't looking for slick, professional entertainers," explains co-producer Ed Ropolo. "We looked for personality and enthusiasm."

Even though they may not be able to define it, each of the Mouseketeers has charisma. As Allison, who is a poet in addition to her other talents, puts it,

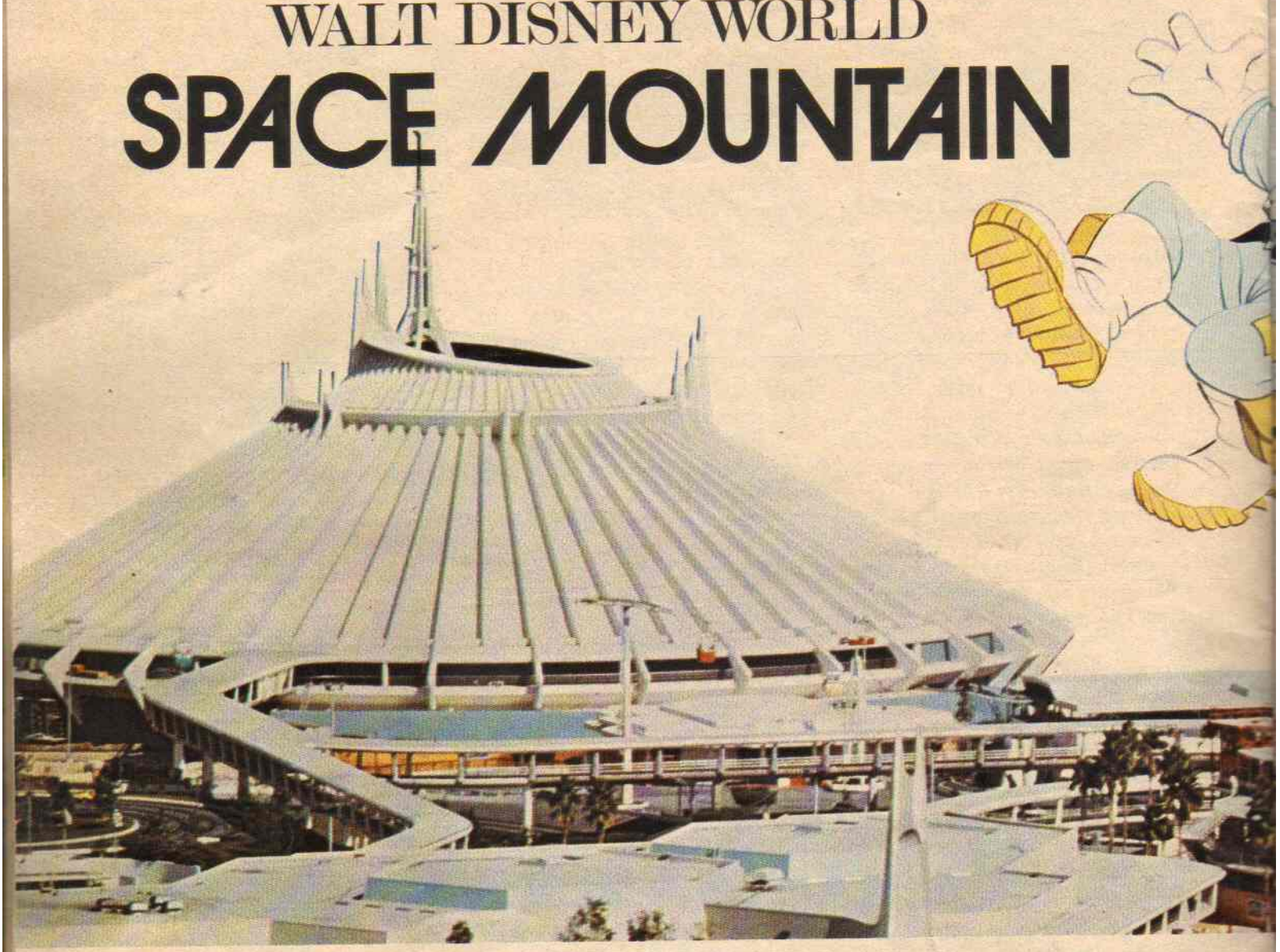
"Smile because you know
Bad times will go.
Life's just a game
And you are in it...
So turn on to fun, love and laughter."







WALT DISNEY WORLD
SPACE MOUNTAIN



Goofy had always thought he'd like to be an astronaut—it was sort of a secret dream. Now here he was at Walt Disney World, and his dream was about to come true. Space Mountain had just opened—and inside of the giant, cone-shaped building was a brand new space ride that would surely be thrilling. It was as close as most people would ever come to racing through space, a guide had said.

"Gawrsh, that's a mighty tall building," he said, tilting his head back to see the top. "It must be a thousand eleventy-four feet high!"

He bumped into two youngsters while staring upwards.

"About 183 feet high," said a boy standing next to him. "Are you Goofy? My name is Ned."

"And I'm Edna, Ned's little sister," said a girl at Ned's side.

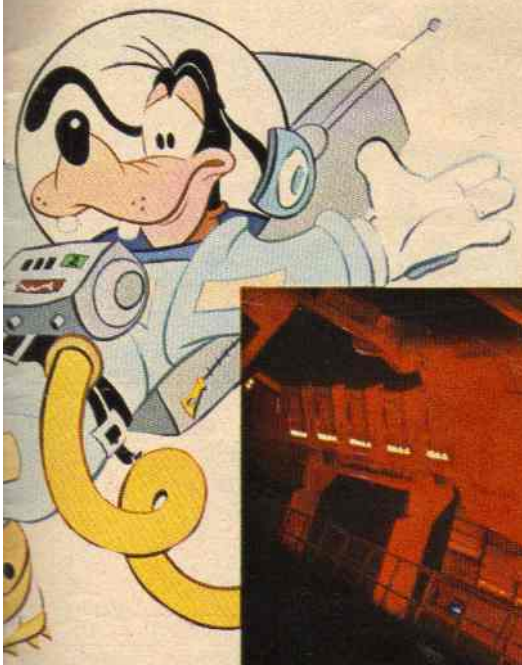
"Hi, Ned. Hi, Edna," said Goofy. "Yep. I'm Goofy."

"Did you know that Space Mountain is so big it contains over four and a half million cubic feet?" said Edna.

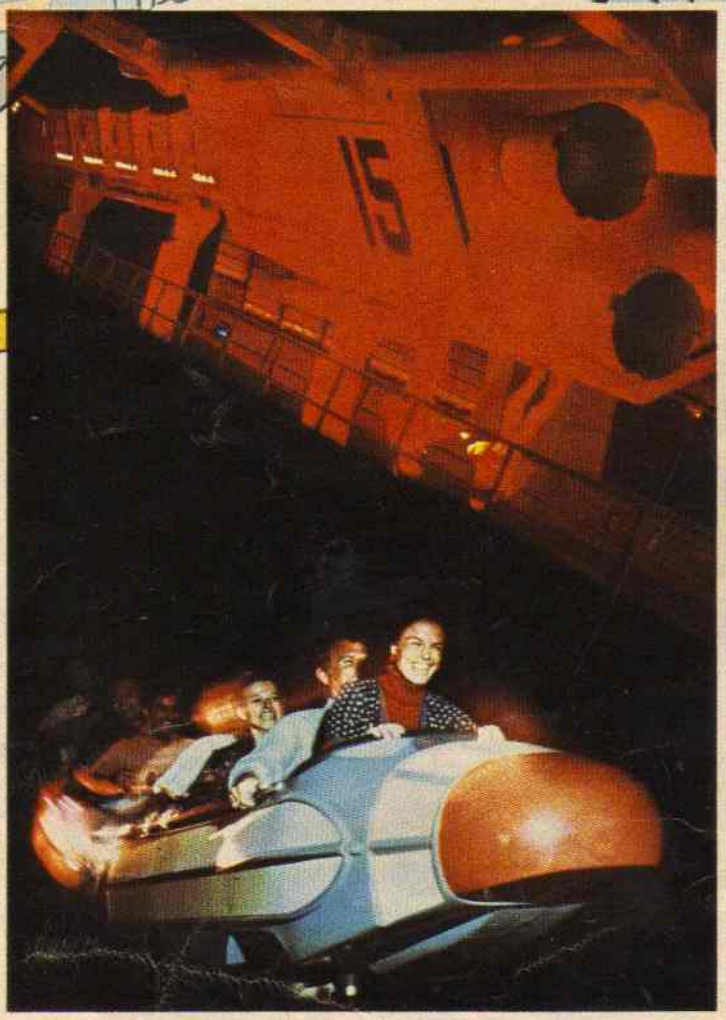
"Enough to cover a football field, and then some," said Ned. "We both read up on it. Come on, Goofy, let's go!"

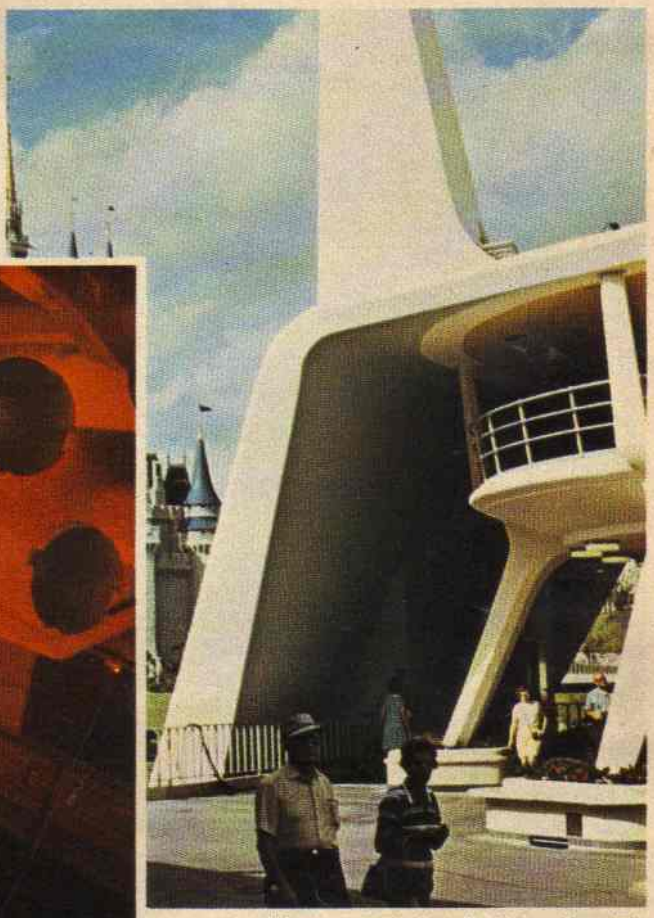
Goofy wondered if he'd stumbled on some whiz kids, but he was glad to have company, so he joined them.

Inside they found themselves walking through Star Corridor. Some of the displays, Windows on Space, showed how people could talk back and forth across thousands of miles in space. Through others, Goofy and the children could watch astronauts at work in deep space. The sights, sounds and music were so enchanting that they felt like they'd already









When you embark on the Space Mountain ride, you enter a world of the future.

The space vehicles whirl swiftly down through the Mountain, making you feel as if you were actually soaring through outer space.

left the earth and become star people. Ned told them they were listening to quadraphonic sound—it came from four different directions. Goofy wanted to write that down so he wouldn't forget it, but he wasn't sure how to spell "quadraphonic."

They had reached the launch platform. Above them, still inside the giant building, they saw a night sky where space vehicles glowed softly as they raced past shooting stars and whirling galaxies. They were speechless at the sight.

There was no time to talk anyway, as the fast-moving line brought them to their space vehicle, twin cabins holding four people each, for a total of eight. Rapidly they rose, still inside Space Mountain, past a huge rocket, towards the top, anticipating their adventure. They'd reached the top...

"Blast off!" cried Ned, and they swept downward along the space guideways, thrilled at the motion. It was a new kind of feeling—soaring, twisting, banking, surging, with none of the jerking and slamming of a roller coaster. "WoweeeEEE!" shouted Goofy.

When their space vehicle came to rest, they stepped out, chattering in delight—only to find themselves on a moving sidewalk that took them into still another adventure—Home of the Future, where they moved past life-sized animated figures in different scenes of tomorrow's home life. Television screens allowed Dad to work at home, Mom to do her shopping, and the kids to learn things or watch sports events on wall-sized screens. Goofy and the children were fascinated. And once they left Space Mountain, they could look forward to rides on the StarJets or a visit to the Carousel of Progress. Goofy and the kids thought Tomorrowland was fabulous, indeed!

RANGER WOODLORE'S NATURE

"Gosh, Ranger Woodlore," exclaimed Huey as the plane settled down on its pontoons. "This sure is a *big* river!"

"It is," agreed the little ranger, as the plane began to taxi toward shore. "The Amazon River is one of the longest rivers in the world, second only to the Nile—some naturalists even claim it's the longest. And in many places it's as much as five miles wide."

"Wow!" chorused the three nephews. The plane came to a halt beside a small village of houses built on stilts at the water's edge.

"Come on, boys," said Ranger Woodlore. "We'll take a boat from here."

As the little party headed upriver, Louie pointed excitedly. "Look at those birds!" he cried, his eyes scanning the trees.

"Listen to them, too," chuckled the Ranger. "They're hyacinth and scarlet macaws, and their cries are as harsh as their feathers are bright."

The ranger turned their boat into a small tributary stream, and the trees of the rain forest seemed to close in.

"Look out!" shouted Huey.

"Oops," said the ranger, turning the boat into midstream. "He's a nasty customer! A caiman—relative of our North American alligator. In fact," he added, "most of the 'alligators' sold in pet stores at home are really caimans."

"Ranger Woodlore," said Louie, "the river's almost all swamp around here."

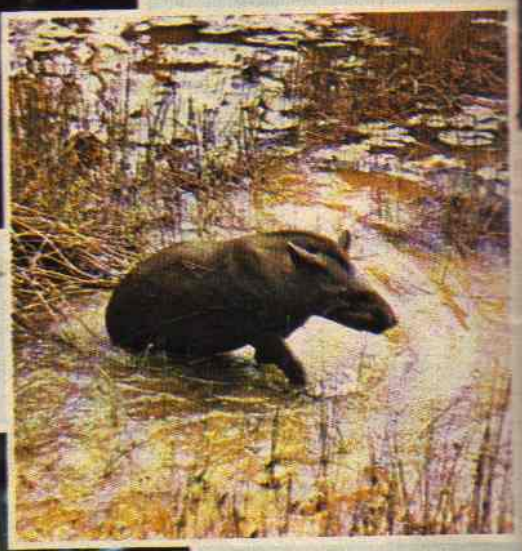
"Right," agreed the little ranger, throttling down the engine. "And over there, on our left, is one of the Amazon's marshland inhabitants—a tapir."

"He looks like a big pig," said Dewey.

"Not quite," answered the ranger. "He's a relative of the horse and the rhinoceros. Let's tie



MACAW



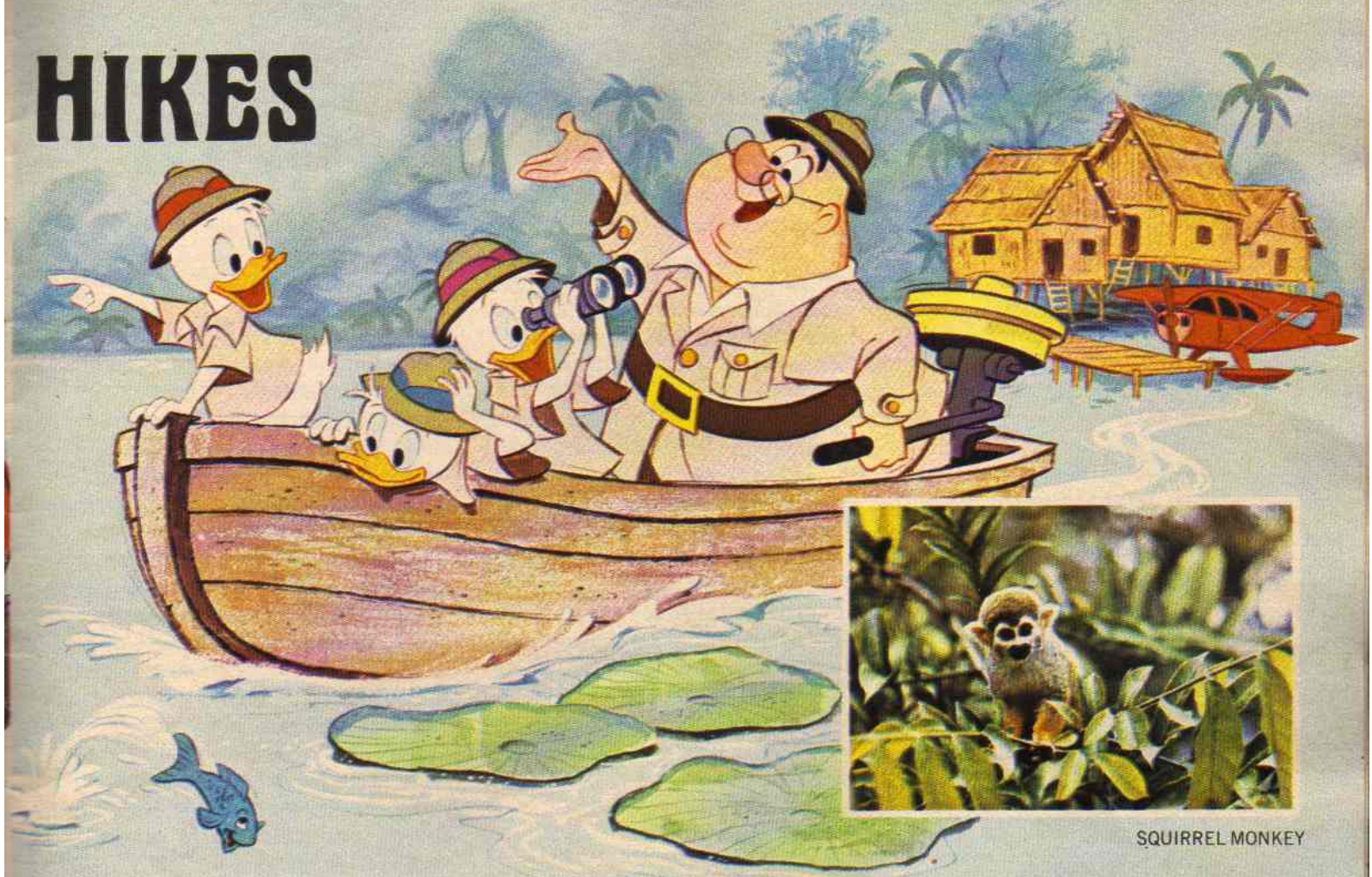
TAPIR



SLOTH



HIKES



SQUIRREL MONKEY

up here," he added, turning the boat toward a tree on the river bank, "and we'll explore the rain forest a bit."

"Great!" agreed the boys, scrambling out of the boat.

"Now, boys, keep your eyes on the branches above you," cautioned the ranger, pointing to a shape hanging from a branch.

"It's a monkey!" said Huey.

"A bear?" offered Dewey.

"Neither," the Ranger chuckled. "It's a three-toed sloth, the slowest animal in the world. All of his moves are in slow motion, and he spends his entire life upside-down, hanging from tree limbs."

"Even his hair grows upside down," laughed Louie.

"There's a monkey for you, Huey," said the ranger. "It's a squirrel monkey, a great acrobat. Watch how he uses his tail."

"It's like another hand!"

"Yes," said the ranger. "The monkeys of South America are the only monkeys that have prehensile tails to help them get around in the forest canopy.

"The sun goes down pretty fast in the Amazon," he added, shading his eyes against an orange glare. "We don't want to be caught on the river after dark."

As the little party was returning to their boat, Huey suddenly pointed to a large bunch of bananas. "Look!" he cried. "A mouse in the bananas!"

"Not quite, Huey," laughed the ranger. "It's a mouse opossum, a handsome little marsupial with fur nearly as soft as a chinchilla's. In earlier times mouse opossums used to emigrate to the United States in banana bunches, where they like to nest."

"Gosh, Ranger Woodlore," said Louie, gazing around at the great river, which was bathed in the glow of sunset. "This has been a swell field trip!"

"Glad you enjoyed it," chuckled the little ranger. "Now let's see if we can rustle up some dinner and a cool drink for a warm Amazon evening."



MOUSE OPOSSUM

The Brave Fisherman

A re-told fairy tale from South America

Once upon a time there was a poor fisherman who lived with his three lovely sisters in a cottage by the sea. Each day the sun rose to find the fisherman sitting in his boat, waiting for his nets to fill with fish.

One morning, however, at the hour he usually returned to shore with his catch, the fisherman had caught no fish. So he waited.

At noon the fisherman had caught no fish. And he waited some more.

By nightfall the fisherman still had caught no fish, and he was getting worried.

"Oh, dear! I seem to have caught no fish," he said to himself.

"That is true," answered a deep voice. And there, before the fisherman's popping eyes, rose a great scaly sea beast—a talking fish.

"True, indeed!" replied the fearful fisherman. "My nets are empty. How ever will I feed myself and my three lovely sisters?"

"Fear not," said the marvelous mackerel. "If you do what I ask, you shall have plenty of food in your house this very night."

"Gladly," said the fisherman. "What is it I must do?"

"Promise that when you return to land, you will give me the first thing that you see after your boat touches the shore."

"No matter what it is?" said the hungry fisherman.

"The very first thing," answered the fish, coldly, as he sank below the waves.

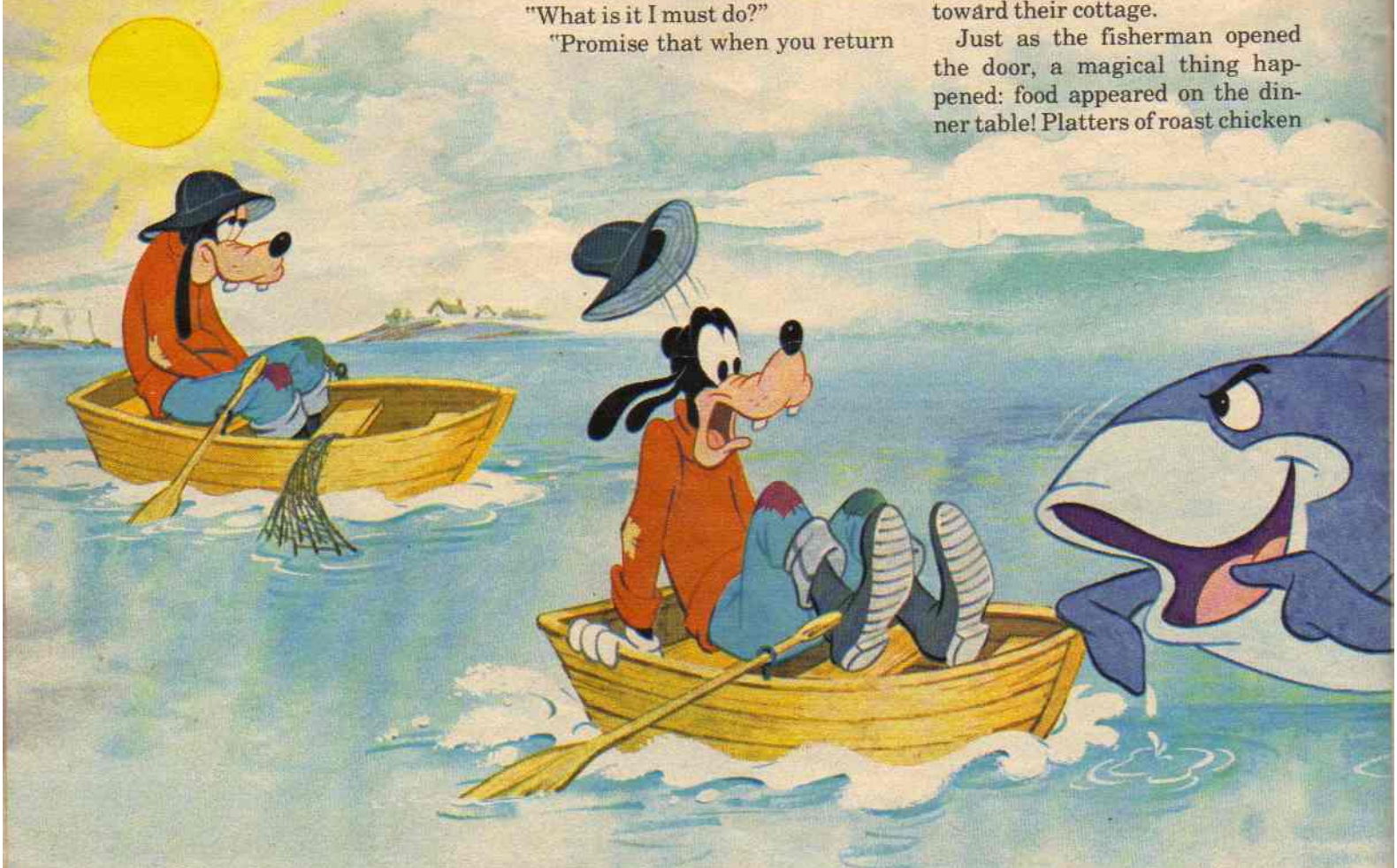
The bewildered fisherman rowed his boat toward shore, and when the bow struck the sandy beach, the fisherman looked up to see the eldest of his beautiful sisters.

"Fillette! Oh, no! It is you!"

"Of course it is I, dear brother. What is the matter with you?"

But the fisherman said nothing and the two walked arm in arm toward their cottage.

Just as the fisherman opened the door, a magical thing happened: food appeared on the dinner table! Platters of roast chicken



and bowls of bubbling spaghetti ...trays of apple dumplings and dishes of avocado salad...tureens of chicken soup...

"What witchcraft is this?" cried the three sisters.

And the fisherman told them of the great fish—and his bargain.

"So be it," said the lovely Fillette. "I will go with the fish as you have promised. But first, let's eat!" And in no time at all the dinner table was cleared of the delicious feast.

As the fisherman popped the last morsel of roast chicken into his mouth, there came a knocking at the door. The fisherman opened the door and beheld a huge, throne-shaped shell attached to a silver chain. Holding the chain were many small fish.

"We have come to collect on your promise," spoke an insignificant sardine. Sadly the fisherman nodded, and beckoned to his eldest sister. Fillette climbed into the shell and was immediately pulled out to sea.

The next morning the fisherman went back to the ocean and threw out his nets. Again he caught no fish.

"I still have two sisters at home! How shall I feed them?" the fisherman wailed.

"Worry not," came a shrill voice. And there, before the fisherman's eyes, was a great feathery creature—a talking bird!

"Let me help," intoned the terrible tern. "Promise to give me the first thing that you see when you return to shore tonight."

"Things have certainly taken a turn for the worse," sighed the fisherman. But he agreed to the bargain. The great bird flapped his wings and soared into the sky.

"Wait," yelled the fisherman. "What will I receive for this bargain with you?"

"Food upon your table," screeched the bird. "What else?"

Thus the lowly fisherman rowed to shore, and as his boat touched the sand, he saw his second-eldest sister.



"Ornithopia! Oh, no! Not you!"

"You seem troubled, dear brother," she said. The fisherman, however, would not answer, and they walked up the path to their cottage.

The fisherman pulled open the door and, *poof!*, a feast appeared on the dinner table.

"I see you've made another bargain with a fish," said Ornithopia.

"No, with a bird," replied the fisherman tearfully. "Let's eat!"

As soon as the fisherman and his two sisters had finished the meal, they heard the flapping of wings and rapping at the door. The fisherman opened the door and saw a huge chariot-shaped leaf, pulled by a flock of birds.

"We have come to collect on your promise," spoke an under-sized egret. Sadly, the fisherman beckoned to his beautiful Ornithopia and helped her onto the leaf. In a wink she was pulled high into the clouds.

The fisherman searched the shore, and he searched the nearby village. No one had seen her.

"Perhaps the mountain giant has taken her," said a nosy neighbor. "If so, I fear she is lost to you forever."

The fisherman trembled at the thought of the terrible mountain giant, but he swallowed hard and bravely spoke.

"Giant or no giant, I will find my little sister and rescue her!"

"Hoorah!" cheered the villagers, and they ran inside and bolted their cottage doors.

Many hours later the brave fisherman reached the top of the mountain. There, obscured by an evil fog, was the home of the mountain giant.

"Gawrsh," thought the fisherman, looking up at the immense estate, "if I owned this much property, I'd tear down that dingy old castle and subdivide." Carefully he tiptoed to the giant's front door. Peeking through a knothole, he spied his sister.

"Rudimenta, my little one!" he whispered. "I'll save you!"

"Hush, dear brother!" called Rudimenta softly. "I fear you cannot save me—the giant has said that I shall stay here as long as he has life."

"Bad luck!" groaned the fisherman. "The giant's only in his teens."

"And he plays rock and roll records incessantly," moaned Rudimenta.

Just then a small toad hopped onto the fisherman's nose and spoke. "The secret of the giant's life is the light of a candle—a candle inside an egg hidden in a box at the bottom of the sea!"

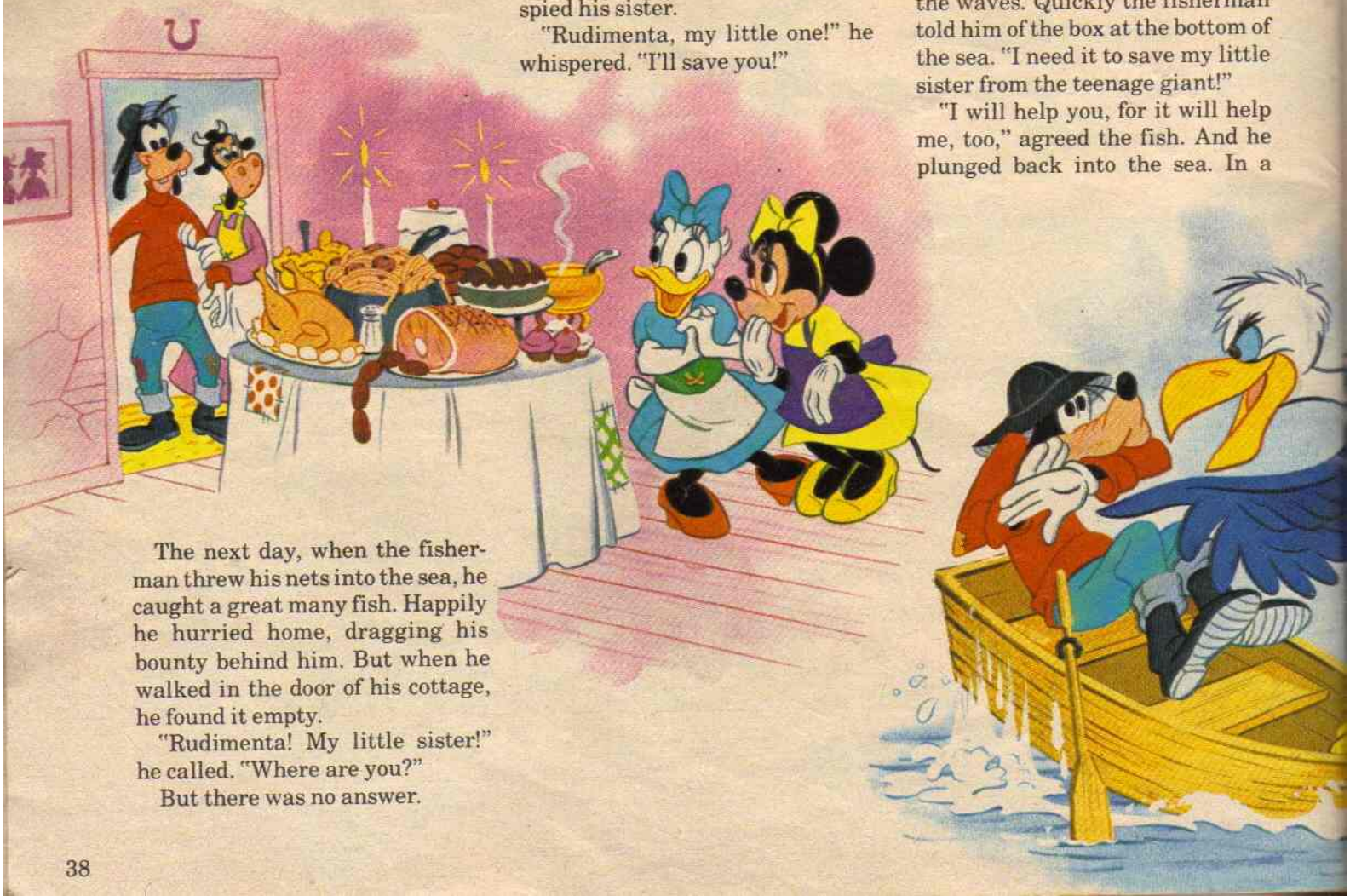
"Then I shall put out his light!" vowed the fisherman, "and the giant will be no more!"

With that, he hurried down the mountain, into his boat, and out to sea.

"Oh great magic fish," called the fisherman, "you who have taken my eldest sister Fillette! Come to me!"

And the fabulous fish rose from the waves. Quickly the fisherman told him of the box at the bottom of the sea. "I need it to save my little sister from the teenage giant!"

"I will help you, for it will help me, too," agreed the fish. And he plunged back into the sea. In a



The next day, when the fisherman threw his nets into the sea, he caught a great many fish. Happily he hurried home, dragging his bounty behind him. But when he walked in the door of his cottage, he found it empty.

"Rudimenta! My little sister!" he called. "Where are you?"

But there was no answer.

short time he returned—with the box.

The fisherman eagerly took the box, pried it open, and there, inside, was the egg.

But before the fisherman could touch it, a gull swooped down and grabbed the egg in its claws—and flew away!

"Bad luck," shrugged the fish.

"Now what shall I do?" groaned the fisherman. Then he remembered his second sister. "Oh great bird," he called, "you who have taken my second sister, Ornithopia! Come to me!"

And the huge bird appeared at the side of the boat. Quickly the fisherman told him about the egg. "I need it to save my little sister from the nasty giant!"

"I will help you, for it will help me, too," agreed the bird. And he flew high into the air behind a cloud. In a short time he returned—with the egg.

The fisherman cracked open the egg. There, inside, was the burning candle!

Hurriedly the fisherman rowed his boat to shore. Then, taking the candle, he made his way back up the mountain to the giant's house and slipped inside.

"Little sister, I have returned," he whispered. "And I have the giant's candle!"

"Blow out the light!" said Rudimenta. "Then I will be free. But hurry—the giant is coming!"

And he was. The giant had seen the fisherman. And was he mad!

Just as the giant reached out his huge hand to grab the fisherman, the fisherman blew out the candle!

And when the candle light went out—the giant turned into a five-foot, six-inch handsome prince!

"Thank-you, brave fisherman," said the prince. And he told them of the magic spell that had been cast over himself and his brothers, turning one brother into a great fish, the other into a huge bird, and himself into an evil giant.

"Now that you have blown out the candle flame, the spell is broken, and my brothers and I are free!" said the prince happily. "Let us go to them!"

So the prince, the fisherman, and his little sister Rudimenta ran down the mountain to the edge of the sea. There they found the prince's two brothers, no longer a fish and a bird.

"My sisters!" yelled the fisherman, for standing beside the two brothers were Fillette and Ornithopia. Joyously they greeted each other.

The prince and his two brothers invited the fisherman and his three sisters to come live in the great mountain palace.

"We'll have a triple wedding," cried the prince who had been a giant. His brothers agreed, and it was settled that the brave fisherman's three lovely sisters should marry the three princes. And up the mountain they all went to prepare the wedding feast.

The next morning, however, the sun rose to find the fisherman rowing out to sea, where he lowered his nets into the water.

"It's tough to break old habits," mused the fisherman. And by nightfall he had caught no fish.



Flight of the Grey Wolf

Is a wolf like a dog? Can he become your pet?
These were the questions in young Russ Hanson's mind
when he took in a wolf cub whose mother had been killed.



If Russ Hanson lived to be a hundred, he'd never forget that morning he first saw that little grey wolf cub.

A forlorn hunter was holding it in his arms. "I...I didn't know where else to take the little fellow," the man was saying to Russ' folks, owners of the Hanson Kennels. "It seemed right, you being a kennel and all. I mean, it's just a pup. And a wolf's about the same as a dog, isn't it?"

The hunter had accidentally killed the wolf's mother. "Then I saw the cub," he added, "and I just couldn't leave it out there alone. He would've starved for sure."

"Of course," said Mrs. Hanson, "But, goodness, without his mother to feed him..."

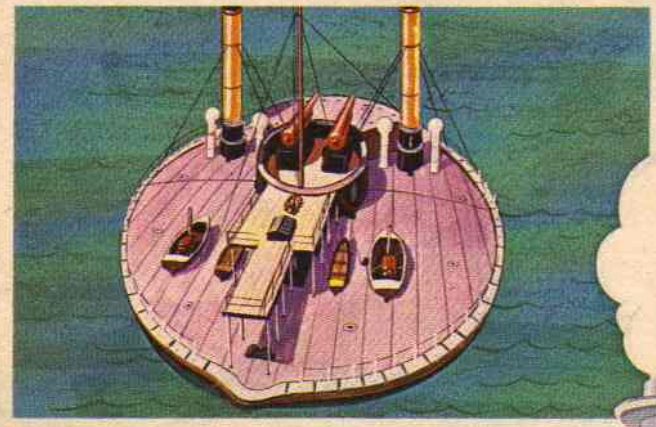
That's when Russ spoke up, loud

Huey Dewey and Louie

TRIANGLE COUNT

Huey, Dewey and Louie have just finished washing and polishing the kitchen floor. How many triangles can you find in the tiles? If you get over 75... HURRAY for you!





PECULIAR SHIPS You think all ships are shaped like ships, don't you? Most are, of course, but those that aren't you have to see to believe.



JOHN WAYNE *Can* you judge a book by its cover? Or a horse by its coat? Not according to the Duke.

THE GLASGOW CANNONBALL Will Professor Nefarious pull off a train robbery, right under Sleuth's nose?

Gateway To Next Month



NATURE'S FAMILY ALBUM The story of how the horse came to roam wild over western America is a fascinating one, and it's not over yet.

THUMPER'S TROLL TROUBLE That new tenant in Friend Owl's tree house isn't exactly a good neighbor—he's trying to drive Thumper and his friends away!



All of us at Procter & Gamble and Walt Disney Productions are delighted to bring you this January issue of DISNEY MAGAZINE. Next month's issue will offer you just as many exciting stories and games, and you can get it FREE when you purchase four Bath Size SAFEGUARD or one Giant Size SPIC and SPAN. See you in February.



ALICE in WONDERLAND'S

LOOKING GLASS STORY